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THE REVIVAL OF FRANCE

All observers of France to-day agree about the dangers of a struggle for power between the Government and the Resistance, which in France, far more than in any other European country, has genuinely united all the active opponents of the occupying Germans. De Gaulle has two possible policies: he can accept the radical policy of socialisation and reconstruction, which all those who have fought the Germans inside France regard as necessary, or he can increasingly fall into the hands of reactionaries—hoping, by an attempt to isolate the Communists, to rally the masses of peasantry to the support of a Conservative *bloc*. Many Frenchmen fear that he favours the second policy. This is full of danger for France.

Whatever fears we may have about de Gaulle, and still more about some members of his entourage, there has never been any sense in denying recognition to the accepted leader of France, and it is to be hoped that the visit of Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden has given the French ample assurance that we regard them as full partners, both in winning the war and in making the peace. France is now a member of the European Advisory Committee. The Allies have promised to equip more French divisions, whose help will be needed if the war is prolonged. Moreover, without artillery, the F.F.I., which now "contains" the large enemy pockets on the Garonne and the Loire, cannot finally clear the soil of France of Germans. Conversations are also going forward which should lead to the rehabilitation of the ruined French transport system and, more indefinitely, to closer economic co-operation between Britain and France and the Low Countries. The advantages of the "Western Union" that is now much discussed, are obvious enough; some of the difficulties and dangers are discussed by Mr. Brailsford in an article we publish this week.

The most important perhaps of all the problems under discussion in Paris is the French share in the future of Germany, especially of the Ruhr and the Rhineland. France is of course to share in the occupation, but what is the constructive programme which Frenchmen and we seek to achieve? In some form or other an international consortium to run the heavy industries of Western Germany would appear to be the right solution. If this is merely a highfalutin name for occupation by the conquering Powers on the lines of the French occupation of the Ruhr in 1923, or for a seizure of German resources by Anglo-American capital, then the scheme would be an unconstructive and dangerous irritant. But a Consortium might be genuine; it might mean that this great centre of industry would be taken over rather on the lines of the Suez Canal by an international body, including all the great Allies and the neighbouring countries involved, with a policy of using the resources of German heavy industry, which have in the past been perverted for war purposes, for the reconstruction and rehabilitation of the vast deserts which this war has created in Europe.

French Socialist Congress

An outstanding feature of the Socialist Congress in Paris was the attitude of unemotional realism—undistorted by either passion or sentimentality—adopted by delegates towards Germany. Daniel Mayer, the General Secretary, who represents the Party on the National Council of Resistance, declared that, though the German soldier was an enemy who must be destroyed, French Socialists would be ready, when Nazism had been smashed, Germany "de-Prussianised" and her citizens re-educated, to make friends of "the German people." Solomon Grumbach, Socialist Deputy for Alsace and a Jew, was applauded when he said that the German nation, which had "not learned to fight for liberty," was responsible for Hitlerism; but he repudiated the policy of dismemberment of Germany or of French annexation of the Rhineland. The Congress lacked a number of figures familiar at past meetings. The 1939 pacifists—Faure, Roncayrol, L'Heveder—are no more likely than the collaborators to be seen again in a French Socialist conference. Apart from Mayer, men who have come notably to the fore during the occupation include Gaston Deferre, Mayor of Marseilles; Robert Verdier, the Assistant Secretary, who worked in the underground movement of the occupied zone; Jacquet, of the Paris region, and Valjean, the Propaganda Secretary. Alongside these new leaders were veterans such as Auriol and Philip. Indeed the Party's pride in asserting, at its 48th Congress, its continuity with the past, was reflected in its setting. It met in the familiar Salle de la Mutualité, and the entry of the British fraternal delegates—H. J. Laski, Morgan Phillips and W. Gillies—was greeted, as a tribute (it may be) to Transport House, with the *Internationale's* time-honoured strains.

Persian Silence

Since the news that the Persian Government had resigned, there has been a remarkable lack of Press cables from Teheran. That M. Saed's resignation was due, in part, to agitation actively encouraged by M. Kavtaradze, the Soviet envoy, may be safely assumed: his refusal of the Russian request for oil-drilling rights in North Persia was treated in Moscow as a definitely hostile act; and there has been no denial, so far, of the Russian allegation that M. Saed, *before* deciding that no oil concessions could be granted to anybody until after the war, had virtually concluded negotiations with American interests who wanted to drill in North Persia. It would be wrong, however, to conclude that these popular protests in Persia against the Government's anti-Soviet policy are artificial. The influence of the Persian Communist Party is considerable and is increasing; and Russian promises to assist in the economic betterment of poverty-stricken North Persia have naturally a strong popular appeal. The demonstrations which have been held against M. Saed's attitude in Ispahan, Resht and Tabriz probably reflect genuine public opinion; and no Government which is suspected of subservience to Standard or Anglo-Iranian Oil will last long in Teheran.

How to Win Burma

When the soldiers have reconquered Burmese soil our statesmen will still have to win its people, and they will have to start from scratch. It is easy to argue that the "independence" the

Japanese bestowed was an illusion. But in the economic field it has been a reality, since most of the foreigners who exploited Burmese labour were ousted—the Indian land-owners, dealers and usurers, the Chinese merchants and the British industrialists. It will be fatal if we face our job in the spirit of the "Blue-print for Burma," which seven Conservative Members of Parliament have published. It offers what it absurdly calls "Dominion Status," but reserves defence and foreign affairs, excludes a big area of the hill country, and proposes that the constitution shall be framed by us after a six-year period of transition. This is impossible. The Burmese will accept nothing less than Sir Stafford Cripps offered the Indians. The demand that this Dominion shall compensate British capitalists for all their losses during the war would infuriate an even milder people than the Burmese. The old exploitation must not start again: the problem is to find the socially desirable organisation to replace it.

Quebec and Conscription

During the war Mr. MacKenzie King has managed to avoid an open conflict with the French-Canadian community by limiting conscription to home service. Now that the Canadian Army in Europe has suffered heavy casualties, the question of reinforcement becomes insistent: Colonel Ralston's argument is that volunteer drafts are inadequate for the situation. The Federal Government in Ottawa is now being strongly rebuked by the Conservative Opposition for its failure to deal with the conscription issue and for undue tenderness towards the French in Quebec. The French, in their turn, suspect that the Liberals are toying with the idea of overseas conscription, and are probably prepared to go to great lengths in resisting any such measure. Either way, racial feeling is liable to be intensified. Mr. MacKenzie King, who has his eye on the next General Election, will no doubt try to discover some compromise which will not antagonise any important body of electors. But the general crisis in the relations of French Canada with the rest of the Dominion—of which the conscription issue is but the most recent and serious expression—has been growing steadily worse in the last few years. Extreme nationalist and anti-semitic propaganda has made headway in Quebec. The particular point of difference at any given time can be overcome by an unstable compromise. But some time soon a Federal Government will find that this method will no longer work, and that the whole question of French Canada cannot be shelved indefinitely. Whether any tolerable settlement will then be possible depends very largely upon the extent to which really bitter racial antagonism has been avoided.

The President's Score

The outstanding fact that emerges from the latter, though still incomplete returns of the American elections is that Mr. Roosevelt has won an adequate majority for most purposes in both Houses of Congress. In the Senate it amounts to 15, which (with two returns to come) may still be just short of the two-thirds majority required for the ratification of treaties. To make good that slight deficiency, when the Peace Settlement is put to the vote, there are a fair number of progressive Republicans who can be trusted. Two notables among the isolationist Senators were defeated, Nye and Gillette. In the House, where the Democrats had only a bare and untrustworthy majority, it now amounts to 55. Here the difficulty lay rather in the domestic field, since so many of the Southern Democrats were opponents of the New Deal. Some leading reactionary Representatives of both Parties have been eliminated, notably Stephen Day, the candidate of the *Chicago Tribune*, and (in the primaries) Mr. Dies, who specialised in baiting liberals. The President has secured 53.4 per cent. of the votes so far counted, which yielded him a disproportionately big majority in the Electoral College, because geographically it was pretty evenly distributed and enabled him to carry all the bigger States. The real event of this election is the decisive part which Labour played in it for the first time. The C.I.O., under Sidney Hillman, flung itself as never before into the job of organisation. American citizens can exercise their right to vote only if they have first taken the trouble to go in person and place their names on the roll of electors. This time the organised workers were prompted to take this necessary step in time.

The Teachers' Revolution

The Burnham Committee's recommendations on teachers' salaries are a tremendous step forward. Most important of all is the abolition of the distinction between primary and secondary schools. All teachers in the general system of publicly maintained schools will now come under a common scale. The special additions for those who have spent three or four years in training and for graduates will mean that, in practice, average salaries will for some time continue to be higher in secondary than in primary schools; but there will no longer be anything to deter a teacher whose bent is towards the teaching of younger children from following it without prejudice to his or her career or, one hopes, social prestige. Differentiation of salaries between men and women is retained, as it was practically bound to be in view of the pending report of the Royal Commission on the whole question of men's and women's rates of pay; and there is accordingly no suggestion for meeting the practical differences in the way of equality by means of children's allowances. Head teachers are to be graded for salaries in accordance with the number of pupils on the school roll—a not very satisfactory arrangement, but one to which it is not easy to suggest a workable alternative. Provision is made for increments on a substantial scale for special responsibilities. All rates are to be uniform over the whole country, except London, for which special allowances have still to be fixed. The increases will cost £68 millions, without allowing for more teachers than there were before the war. A real step is thus proposed for giving all teachers a better status in the community and attracting a better range of applicants to a profession which surely needs the best men and women it can get.

Setting the Stage

The T.U.C. General Council has raised urgently the question of the correctness of "direction" of Labour as soon as the German war is over. The *Sunday Times* has promptly retorted with a demand for a simultaneous removal or relaxation of the "controls" over capitalist enterprise. Mr. Dalton says he is preparing a Bill which is to deal with restrictive trade practices on the part of combines or trade associations: the *Sunday Times* suggests parallel action to deal with Trade Union regulations. Thus, the stage is set for the coming battle, on the assumption that labour is a "commodity" like other commodities, and that there is an exact parallel, from the standpoint of liberty, between the regulation of property and the regulation of men. There is, of course, no such parallel. It would be intolerable for men to be sent to forced labour, with no choice of employment, under the normal conditions of peace, and above all when they would be sent to labour for capitalist profit. On the other hand, there would be nothing amiss in subjecting the operations of industry, in the public interest, to much more stringent public control after the war than existed in 1939. The entire policy of "planning" implies such an extension of control, and it is plainly involved in the pursuit of "full employment." Nor are the restrictive practices of controls and trade associations at all on all fours with Trade Union regulations designed to protect the conditions of employment. We are well aware that, in view of changing economic techniques, many Trade Union regulations need amendment; and the T.U.C. has itself recognised this in its recent statements. But most Trade Union rules have nothing in common with control arrangements designed to promote scarcity and high prices: they are humane regulations for protecting the workers against unfair or squalid conditions. The Tories' idea is that the State should stand, above all else, for the protection of property: the aim of progressives is a welfare State standing, above all else, for the protection of men and women.

Pains of Transition

Some other problems in the change-over to peace-time production are already becoming acute. The factories that are getting ready for peace want back their key skilled men: they do not, during the earlier stages, want their semi-skilled or unskilled production workers, at any rate in any considerable numbers. Where their own key men are not available—for example, where they are in the Forces or on essential work from which they cannot be released—these firms want other skilled workmen in their place, and would like to have such men "directed" to them on their release from war work. This, however, cuts right across the pledge that dilutees would be discharged first as war work was closed down; for it means in many cases leaving the dilutees, men and women alike, to go on manning the war factories and transferring the skilled men to non-war work in preparation for the reopening of normal production. There is bound to be some friction over this. Another side of the trouble is that, when whole war factories are being closed down, there is liable to be no work available for the less skilled workers released from them, at any rate until the skilled workers have done the often protracted job of getting the factories ready for normal production. This difficulty is still on a small scale; but it will become very big later on, and there will be serious trouble unless measures are taken to pay the displaced workers a living maintenance allowance until their services are wanted on normal peace-time work.

One Union For Miners

The miners, by an overwhelming majority in all districts on a national ballot vote, have decided to convert their Federation, which dates from 1888, into a unified National Union, with centralisation of industrial funds and complete centralised control of industrial policy. Hitherto the colliery owners have habitually attempted to divide the miners by refusing to negotiate about wages and conditions on a national basis. They will find this much harder to do now that the miners have at last come together into a single, comprehensive Union which will moreover, as the President, Mr. Lawther, has made clear in a letter to the *Times*, and as its own rules postulate, stand uncompromisingly for national ownership. The district Miners' Unions will not be entirely superseded: the control of the friendly society side will remain in local hands. But industrially the miners will act as a single body, and, in particular, all strike action will require national authorisation. It will be interesting to see how this works out in practice. There have been in the past wide differences in militancy between the coalfields. Will South Wales now win the day for a militant policy; or will Nottinghamshire impose its moderation on South Wales? Will there be more, or fewer, unauthorised pit stoppages when the seat of authority is further removed from the local groups and unions? These questions cannot be answered yet; what is plain is that only a National Union can tackle the immense problem of reorganisation that the coal industry has to face.

PARLIAMENT: Exit "Social"

Wednesday, noon.

MEMBERS serving in the Forces in Italy and Belgium have flown home to take part in to-day's debate on demobilisation. This will be described next week.

Nothing else in this last week of the 1943–44 session of Parliament has approached this subject in general interest. There was a curiously

academic debate on Tuesday, in which the Government conceded that the Minister of Social Insurance should be called instead the Minister of National Insurance. Beveridge and many of the Labour Party voted against this because they wanted to retain at least some shred or echo of Social Security; the extreme Right supported the change because they hate Social Security (for the masses) anyway (Dr. Russell Thomas thought that the idea and the word "originated in Germany"); the extreme Left supported it because they thought it hypocritical to apply the good word "social" to so modest a scheme.

There was a curious sequence of events on Thursday and Friday. Cunningham-Reid was counted out (by a Tory back-bencher who is not a conspicuous contributor to debates) when speaking on the adjournment on Thursday. So, apparently in retaliation, he called for a count twice on Friday. On the first occasion more than 40 Members came hurrying from the dining-rooms; on the second (it being late on Friday afternoon) only 33 could be found, and the House adjourned automatically, without hearing the Foreign Office reply to a desultory, impromptu debate on German war guilt—though Cunningham-Reid, meanwhile, had managed to make the speech (advocating the partition of Germany) that he had been unable to make on the previous night. Neither part of the episode was felt to enhance the credit of the House.

The Germany debate was initiated by George Strauss, on the special point that Nazis who ill-treat anti-Nazi Germans should be included in the category of war criminals. Winterton widened the debate with a fierce and resonant essay in Vansittartism. Miss Rathbone retaliated with equal vigour, but nobly and movingly; when Winterton interrupted her hectoringly, she said, with tremulous clarity, "I need look no further than my own heart for a justification of my views on this matter."

The two-day debate on Workmen's Compensation (now to be called Industrial Injury Insurance) was introduced competently by Herbert Morrison with the high claim that the new scheme was "a revolutionary advance." It received a qualified greeting from the Labour benches: "The rates now offered," said Tom Brown, "are far too low." Hogg, however, who has welcomed most of the Beveridge and post-Beveridge social developments, said that this was "a false step": benefits were unrelated to previous earnings, and would be inadequate; in this particular social service, Britain was far behind most other countries. Beveridge made his second speech—less well received than his first, at any rate by Labour Members, who are beginning to see in him a dangerous potential rival at the election and even, indirectly, an asset to the Tories. He spoke partly in defence and partly in criticism of the new scheme—ending with a plea to the Government "to fix a subsistence level, related to cost of living, to all the other benefits," and to "provide for industrial injury . . . benefits at least 50 per cent. above subsistence level." One of the most vehement general denunciations came, on the second day, from Buchanan. There is no doubt at all that Labour men, while necessarily welcoming the underlying principle of the scheme—the transfer of responsibility for industrial casualties from the employers to the community—are uneasy about its details.

At question-time the Prime Minister was in expansive mood, remarking "One swallow doesn't make a summer" of Commander Agnew, a keen-faced, honest young Tory who wanted him to "nationalise the rights in minerals other than oil and coal." Grigg, disarmingly, admitted that in an evasive and circumlocutory answer he had been "really trying to conceal the fact" that he had forgotten all about a particular case. Dalton announced "ceiling prices" for carpets.

PONTIFEX MINOR

THE COST OF COALITION

WHAT will the next King's Speech contain, and how much that is in it will become law during the life of the present Coalition, and how much more before the electors have a chance of saying what sort of Government they want to put in charge of post-war Britain? The answers to these questions make a lot of difference, and in them two quite different issues are tangled up. There is, first, the question of credit—or of discredit—for the various parties concerned. The Tories will obviously claim credit for anything they enact during the period between the ending of the Coalition and the appeal to the country—over and above trying to appropriate those of the Coalition's measures for which it seems electorally worth while to stake out a claim. Labour, in its turn, will seek electoral reward for what the Coalition has done or promised under Labour pressure, and will, in addition, stress the misdeeds of commission or omission due to reactionary influences within the Coalition Government and its successor. This is one set of issues; but side by side with it there is a second set, having nothing to do directly with party claims, but a great deal to do with the needs of the country. Whatever the political "timing" may be, there are priorities which are of vital importance to the smooth transition from war to peace economy and for the future well-being of the people as a whole; and the danger is that this aspect of the "timing" problem may be pushed right out by the desire of the Tories to make the maximum of party capital out of their handling of it.

The field may be roughly divided as follows: (1) social security, including health services; (2) full employment policy; (3) physical replanning and housing; (4) demobilisation of man-power and restoration of normal production; (5) reorganisation of industry and agriculture; (6) commercial and financial policy; (7) remaking of local government, including local government finance. These are all major groups of policy questions urgently calling for solution; and besides them there are a host of lesser or less urgent questions lined up in the queue. How far has the Government got with these series, and how far is it likely to get within the next few months working under the shadow of impending Dissolution?

As to the facts, we have under heading (1) the White Papers, covering most of the ground, a Bill setting up a new Ministry (to which even the title of Social Security is denied), and a promise (undated) of several Bills, dealing respectively with "National Insurance," Industrial Injuries, and Health Services—all certain to be long, complicated, and in many of their features highly controversial measures. Under this head also fall Children's Allowances, which will presumably need a separate measure; and Public Health may need a Bill of its own, apart from that dealing with Medical Services. Under (2) we have so far only a White Paper of wide range and great vagueness, needing, to give it legislative effect, a constellation of Bills, of which only one, supposedly to regulate cartels and trade associations, has even been mentioned as under preparation for the near future.

Under (3) we have the miserable Town and Country Planning Bill now before Parliament, a White Paper which altogether fails to cope with the major issue, and a promise (again undated) of a Bill to deal with boundary readjustments. The entire problem of control of land, the necessary basis for any effective replanning, remains to be be dealt with: so does the control of industrial location and the greater part of the problem of rebuilding even our blitzed cities. In the housing field we have an unsatisfactory measure dealing only with temporary dwellings; but nothing is settled yet as between public and private enterprise in house-building, or about the size or form of housing subsidies, or about the supply on reasonable terms of builders' requisites and fittings.

Under (4) there is the problem of the redistribution of labour, about which the Trades Union Congress has been making itself heard this past week. This involves the future of the "direction" of labour and of the Essential Works Order with its accompaniment, the guaranteed week. On the other side there is the future of the "controls" over raw materials and over industry and trade—with the more reactionary employers clamouring, rather to the disquiet of the more far-seeing, for a removal of such controls *pari passu* with the removal of controls over labour. Here are a whole host of issues, many of which are bound to need legislation and almost all a vast apparatus of orders and regulations to be laid before Parliament.

Under (5) we have the immense unsettled issues of post-war agricultural policy, including control of food prices and imports, and the urgent questions of reorganising the coal industry, the cotton industry, the steel industry, the entire field of transport and power. The group of issues under (6) differs from the rest in involving large international discussions and adjustments. In the general commercial field these have hardly begun: even in the monetary field they have been held up at the stage of provisional agreement between the experts. Finally, under (7) we have a set of problems which, being overdue for settlement even before the war, have now become insistently urgent, not only for planning reasons, but also because of the admitted breakdown of the existing system of local governmental finance.

This list, incomplete as it is, has only to be recited in order to show that there is not a dog's chance, even apart from the efforts of party manœuvring, of our being even half ready to face post-war problems when the time arrives. This makes it the more necessary to think in terms of priorities, difficult as it is to say that any one of the main questions can be postponed. Whatever else waits, the Semi-Beveridge Insurance legislation cannot: it has waited too long already. Nor can housing wait nor, at any rate, an interim settlement of local government finance, which is vital to it. "Uthwatt," or what has been made of it, cannot wait; for there is no chance for planning or housing without it. Demobilisation and transition to normal production clearly cannot wait, but may not need much immediate legislation provided that the Government's existing powers of control are maintained in full legal force. Coal, cotton and transport, to say nothing of other industries, ought not to wait for reorganisation, but are bound to wait till the Coalition ends, because there is no possibility of agreement about them. The question, here, is whether the Tories, rid of Labour, will try to push through legislation about them designed to obstruct more radical measures in the event of a Labour electoral victory. Commercial and financial policy will probably have to wait, largely upon the formation of opinion and policy in the United States. In agriculture we shall probably be driven to carry on with a transitional makeshift policy that may seriously prejudice the future. Local government reorganisation, despite its urgency, will probably be set aside because neither the Coalition nor the Tories alone will be prepared to stir up that hornet's nest just before an election.

On any reasonable estimate of the end of the war, peace will catch us unprepared; there will be a scramble to pass something quickly, no matter whether it be good or bad. The Tories will probably repeat the recent tactics over the Town and Country Planning Bill in a dozen other instances, pleading that bad Bills should be passed because they are better than nothing, and making it difficult for the Opposition to resist them without seeming to be obstructing necessary measures. If Labour wins the General Election, it will find itself faced with a tangle of improvised legislation needing drastic amendment as well as with a host of urgent things left altogether undone. We have not yet finished paying the price for the "unity" which enables the Coalition to wage victorious war.

DANGERS OF A WESTERN UNION

The project of a "Western Union," whose nucleus would be Britain, France, Belgium and Holland, raises many issues and can be approached, with favour or disfavour, from several tenable standpoints. We hope to publish, next week, a further contribution to the discussion which H. N. Brailsford opens below.

THE happy visit of Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden to Paris has focused our sympathies during the past week on the French people. We want to renew and deepen our ties with those who will always be our nearest neighbours both in the cultural and the geographical sense of the word. We owe them, after their long ordeal under the Nazi yoke, the most generous help, and with them the Belgians, the Dutch and in the near future the Norwegians. But does this mean that we are now ready to conclude with these peoples a permanent Western Union, military and economic? The plans outlined in the *Times* are far-reaching. They may involve a merger of military power closer than any alliance of the past. They include steps towards financial solidarity, based on a sterling *bloc*. They may point to the conclusion, if only gradually and partially, of a Customs Union. To such ideas the first reaction of most of us is likely to be favourable. Here at least is something better and wiser than the disunity that brought this war upon us, and here, it will be said, is the conclusive answer to the German danger.

However natural this first reaction may be, it is, I think, impulsive. What is really proposed is the division of Europe into two blocks, for military and economic purposes. The drawing of the line of bisection may be difficult and controversial. It may involve, for example, the permanent division of Germany into two halves, one dependent on the Western Union and the other on Moscow. Spain, Italy and Greece, each, it may be, provided with kings, will be required to complete the strategical structure of the Western Union in the Mediterranean—a detail which should remind us that we have much more to consider than the safety of Western Europe. Four of the constituent members of the Western Union have their colonial empires, and three of them—Britain, France and Holland—are deeply involved in the power pattern of the Far East. Any alliance or merger among them will therefore have its bearing on world politics. It is good to fraternise round the Arc de Triomphe. It is necessary to come to terms with our neighbours over the future of Rhine and Ruhr. But this idea of a Western Union has vast and far-reaching implications and dangers that may escape us at a moment when our attention is focused on Arnhem and Aachen.

Let us look first at the military problem. Against what dangers have we to provide? The first instinctive thought in all our minds is to make sure that the Germans will not be able to plunge us into a third world war. Over disarmament, the control of German industry and the elimination of the Nazis we all, in principle, agree. That done, is it still necessary to give our international organisation the form primarily of an alliance against this defeated Power? If we do that we are living in the past. Six months hence, when the Allies have fought their way through blasted cities to Berlin, we may all realise that, thanks to the Nazi policy of national suicide, our air power and the Red Army, Germany has been crushed on a scale to which there is no parallel since the Thirty Years' War. Even if we impose a relatively humane peace, it is certain that her man-power will be so exhausted and her material resources so nearly destroyed that she could not, even if she willed it, be a danger to any of her neighbours for a good twenty years. My own belief is that she can never recover anything distantly like her former relative strength. If that is so, and if Japan also goes under, then our alliances and our great armaments are destined for some other use. Three colossi will confront each other, the United States dominating her hemisphere, the Soviet Union with the Eastern half of Europe, and Britain leading this Western Union. It may be indecent to say so, but it can only be relatively to each other that these giants will measure their armed strength.

It may be answered that in this situation the way to keep the peace is to demarcate amicably but exactly the spheres of interest of the Big Three. That might perhaps be done in Europe, though even there the Polish problem is a reminder that it will not be easy. Nor will it be easy to do it in the Middle East, where Russia is expanding in North Persia, and the problem of the Turkish Straits has still to be solved. A year or two hence, when we face the tangled problems of the Far East, we may realise more clearly than we do to-day how little the regional formula will help us.

No one of the Big Three can dominate or organise the Pacific "region." China, whatever status we give her, can become a Great Power only after she has spent twenty years in building up her heavy industries. The same thing is true of India. In the meanwhile the three giants have to solve a series of awkward problems—bases naval and aerial, the future of Korea and Manchuria and the Communist tangle within China—all of which raise the crude issue of relative power. Europe is no longer the focus of power-politics. The world's peace turns primarily on the behaviour of all of us in this vast Pacific area. The bisection of Europe is not a device to promote the peace of our home continent. It is determined by rivalries much farther afield. Those of us who have recently observed American attitudes towards Russia can measure the risks that lie ahead of us.

This reasoning leads me to the conclusion that in handling the problems of power and peace we must rely on the world-wide organisation of the United Nations, and on it alone. I do not mean, of course, that all of us can act equally everywhere. But it should lie with the general staff contemplated in the Dumbarton Oaks scheme to assign at need to each Member-State the share its contingent shall take in any effort that may be required to overcome or subdue an aggressor. In concrete terms, Britain and France should not form an alliance, still less a merger of forces, against what is left of Germany. What they should do, equally with Russians, Poles and Czechs, is to keep ready for use, on any summons from the Security Council, the force required for this and similar purposes. Combinations which must develop a group loyalty and may engender group antagonisms are inevitably perilous. Our aim should be to centre our loyalty and obedience on the world-wide Authority. The more tightly we all tie ourselves up in alliances, the less easy will it be to secure at the World-Centre a judicial or impartial settlement of disputes.

Regional organisation has its manifest dangers in the field of power politics. But in the organisation of our economic, social and cultural life across frontiers, it is clear that smaller international units should be created. For these purposes is the Western Union the appropriate unit? The bisection of Europe breaks a cultural unit as old as Catholic civilisation. Poles, Czechs and Croats have always had their windows to the West. Again, in the economic sense the two halves of Europe are complementary. The Eastern Borderland depended on the market of Central Europe. However close the political ties that link it to the Soviet Union are destined to be, can Russia absorb its surplus farm produce? Can she for many a long year to come provide it with the capital equipment, industrial and agricultural, which it requires to raise its low standard of life? Whether we are thinking of the welfare of these peasant peoples, or of full employment for the industrial workers of Central and Western Europe, the area we have to plan is not merely the Atlantic Region but the whole of Europe. It is on that wider basis that the various functional organisations should be organised to deal with transport by air, rail and river, electric power, bulk marketing, capital development and the levelling up of the social services. Is it too much to hope that all of these may be focused and co-ordinated under a European Economic Council, which in its turn should work within the framework of the Economic and Social Council of the United Nations?

Need this suggestion arouse the suspicions of the Russians? They are opposed to the idea of a European Federation, because they argue, not unreasonably, that as a political and military Power it might come to be directed against the Soviet Union. But the essence of this proposal is that our European organisation shall confine itself to economic and social functions, while the business of keeping the peace shall fall to the United Nations. In these days of air power, a regional organisation for keeping the peace lags behind our technical development.

It is too early, however, to commit ourselves to a final decision. Whether a European Economic Council would be workable depends on many unknown factors in our problem. It would be meaningless if Germany, under some variant of the Morgenthau plan, disappears as a market. It will look hopeful only if the three main groups of democratic opinion throughout Europe—Socialists, Communists and Peasants—manage to co-operate. It has a future if these can hold monopoly capital and the feudal reaction in check. Before we make up our minds, let us wait at least till we and the French have each held a general election.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

INVISIBLE EXPORTS.

When Foreign Office culture sweeps from China to Peru
And the Treasury finances British art,
Official recognition
Of the British Council's mission
Proves that culture plays a propagandist part.

The British Council's mandate goes forth from Ind to Ind,
Its lectures do inestimable work;
The Institute Britannic
Has ousted the Germanic,
With the Portuguese, the Spaniard and the Turk.

The Council is a riot in Peru and Paraguay,
It has introduced glee-singing in Brazil;*
Its famed Madrid Tertulia
Has prestige quite peculiar,
It makes Argentinians madly Anglophil.

Enlightened British taxpayers should not begrudge the cost
Which the Treasury so joyfully subscribes,
As artistic propaganda
Sweeps Addis and Loanda
And culture captures Equatorial tribes.

The Council's Monthly Letters, a Court Circular in brief,
Has cultural events on every page,
When visitors of title
Remark that art is vital,
And culture thrives with Royal patronage.

Accounts of Britain's Planning delight the Angolese,
Art lectures in Baghdad are bearing fruit,
And a bumper circulation
Shows widespread appreciation
For "Life Stories of the Onion, and the Newt."*

Our cultural attachés assist our Empire trade
Through political and diplomatic skill,
For culture thus exported
Is officially reported
To buy imports of invisible goodwill.

SAGITTARIUS.

[* For this and all other statements of fact above, see *Report of the British Council*, 1943-4.]

A LONDON DIARY

GUESSING what's happened to Hitler is this week's parlour game. The facts are that Goebbels would not have dealt this nasty blow at German morale if he could have helped it, and that the speech fell into two parts, the first which could have been dished up out of old Hitler gramophone recordings and the second which certainly reads like authentic Hitler. The passage about Hindenburg being compelled to select Hitler as Chancellor; the reference to his own magnanimity in promoting the magistrate who once sentenced him to confinement in a fortress (in fact, this magistrate reduced a sentence of five years to thirteen months!), the analysis (which I have not seen discussed in the press), of the internal German opposition, which, he says, still includes "individual members of subdued parties, classes or other fractions"—all these seem typical Hitler. So, too, the experts say, were the grammatical errors in the speech. What are the inferences? If some of the speech were written by Hitler, then he is not dead. More probably he is mad, with comparatively lucid intervals; that is, he is so scatty that Himmler cannot trust him at the microphone. The German public has been schooled to revere a god-like Hitler, above the battle; and one theory is that Hitler is now living in seclusion writing another book—*Mein Sieg* perhaps?—and that the propaganda boys of Dr. Goebbels have taken odd passages from it and spatch-cocked them into a piece of general rhodomontade from his past utterances. However that may be, Himmler is now clearly *de facto* Reichsführer. A dangerous man, more astute than Hitler and, oddly enough, apparently *persona grata* with the Reichswehr generals, who may serve him loyally.

* * *

Last week, when the facts about stratospheric shells were published, at least one paper made the expected comment that mankind misuses its scientific information, and that this new capacity to send projectiles seventy miles above the earth, properly used, had in it the potentialities of great further happiness for mankind. I wonder if the writer would tell me in what way mankind could benefit by the conquest of the stratosphere? Obviously some of the grosser forms of drudgery can be reduced by machines, and obviously it is our own fault if we turn the internal combustion engine into a means of murder rather than of pleasure. But how does that apply to stratospheric shells? Does anybody really want to be the first man on the moon if that should become possible? It is clear that men already know far more than they know how to use. The only additions to knowledge that can now increase man's happiness are not those that save time, which we do not know what to do with when we have saved it, or those that enable us to travel faster or further, but those which give us greater control of our own mental processes. The organisation of scientific knowledge has become an ethical problem, and the advance of knowledge of the physical world is no longer in any sense synonymous with progress. Incidentally, I cannot see any justification for maintaining (at the cost of many wild rumours) strict secrecy about the locality of rocket "incidents" unless we re-impose the pre-invasion censorship of despatches from neutral diplomats in London to their Governments.

* * *

There is a widespread belief in Whitehall that the Prime Minister has invited Sir James Grigg to leave the War Office as soon as European hostilities end and to undertake the task of re-modelling the British Civil Service. There could be few tasks of greater long-term importance for national reconstruction plans. Unless the *Daily Mail* and *Express* have their way, and every control on private enterprise is discarded, our economic future is going to be moulded very considerably by civil servants executing in detail policy laid down by Parliament. Even if our progress towards Socialism is slow and limited, we shall need, in all the Departments dealing with employment and production, men with experience of industry and with a forward-looking attitude rare enough in the Whitehall of pre-war days I find it hard to think of anybody better qualified to give us the wrong sort of Civil Service we need than the present Secretary of State for War. He should be good at purging public administration of any progressive and imaginative minds that have strayed into it.

* * *

It is good news that the Government is considering whether a better system cannot be evolved for Service voting in the General Election. The present plan, whereby a soldier is invited to register his name through his unit, and to nominate a proxy to vote for him, is far from satisfactory. Not merely are soldiers frequently unaware of their Parliamentary constituency; they do not know—and may not know until polling day is imminent—what candidates are standing; and, as Dick Acland pointed out in the House last week, they have no real assurance that the proxy will vote as they desire. I can see no real solution except that there should be direct voting by post. Admittedly the Election will find British forces dispersed pretty widely over the globe; but air-mail can overcome distance, and there is no valid reason why British Service voters should be denied facilities which American troops enjoyed.

* * *

The naive Soviet drama *Comrade Detective* which is now being shown at the Unity Theatre, raises in my mind the most intriguing questions about the Soviet Union. The producer, who also plays the chief part, himself studied under the greatest of Russian theatrical producers, knows Russian and Russia, and presumably put on this play as typical of modern Soviet work. If so, how is one to explain it? Its quality is about that which one might expect from a rather unusually bright Socialist summer school. That is, it is a good charade with social content, no particular dramatic quality and a certain amount of adolescent fun. Is the explanation that in a Russia which still maintains the best opera and ballet in the world, there are no longer left any dramatists with the tradition and knowledge of stagecraft, and that instead we have new playwrights only beginning to feel their way back to a dramatic technique? If so, there is nothing to despair about: we must simply wait, even though it may be a long time, for the arrival of a more mature form of expression. Or is it, as I rather suspect, that this is the Russian equivalent of the popular drama which in this country is more technically slick but lacking in social interest? If we remember that the mass of the Russian public is composed of people who were entirely illiterate peasants twenty years ago, then this play becomes intelligible. It is a detective story of the simplest possible kind. It is equally simple as propaganda. Put the two together and you have, I suppose, the Soviet substitute for the blood-and-thunder dramas of nineteenth-century England.

* * *

As I watch the little boys who deliver the morning paper or who in all weathers manfully assist the baker or the milkman, I wonder whether sane people would expect young children to work hard at school and then put in extra hours either at the week-end or at each end of the school day. We applaud the long nineteenth-century struggle to abolish child-labour, but we overlook its survival to-day. One of the difficulties is that much of law governing child employment is over-complicated and subject to local bye-law variations. The L.C.C. education committee is very properly asking for statutory regulation on a national scale to deal with this problem. But they are still forced to envisage control of the conditions under which school-children are employed, not the prohibition of any employment of children while they are supposed to be having full-time schooling. I know that many families regard the few odd shillings a week as a necessary help towards paying for household needs, but they would get over that if they realised that the effect of child labour is to lower wages as well as to drain the energy of their children.

* * *

M. Pilet-Golaz, the Swiss Foreign Minister, who has the reputation of a much too pro-Fascist policy, resigned after the Russian Note refusing Switzerland's offer of "recognition." He seems to have resigned right away and not waited to be pushed. He says that his past (anti-Soviet) policy has been a failure, and that Switzerland should now change her attitude. That means, I take it, that Switzerland, which has been, in the Irish phrase, neutral on the side of Germany, is now to become properly neutral. Some observers say that she will swing heavily over to the Allied camp, but of that I am doubtful. Socialist and Liberal opinion in Switzerland has accepted the Soviet criticism as fair, and demands a complete overhaul of Swiss diplomacy. As the resignation of M. Pilet-Golaz makes a vacancy in the Swiss Government, the Socialists are asking for a second seat.

* * *

A distinguished contemporary of the late "Stephen Hudson" writes: "Sydney Schiff will long be mourned by all who knew him, for he was a very lovable man, and a very remarkable one. It is in the nature of novelists to start young; but "Stephen Hudson" was already past his fiftieth year, was a seasoned man of the world, when his first book, *Richard Kurt*, was published. He had known much, and had forgotten nothing, of men and cities before it occurred to him that he might perhaps write something—or rather before that gifted lady, his second wife, suggested to him that he should do so. The fine qualities of his work, its swiftness and stringency and penetration, gained instant recognition. All his subsequent books, *Elinor Colhouse*, *Prince Hempseed*, and the rest, were read eagerly and gratefully—especially (which pleased him) by the younger generation. He himself, dear man, was his sole detractor."

* * *

The Nazis to the Reich explain
Their Führer is both well and sane;
But now that prospects look so bad,
If he is well, he must be mad.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Hector Sommaruga.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

I am a mother of a little boy aged three years, but I would rather see him dead than be a cog in a machine of hatred. Let us annihilate all the Germans.—Letter in *Daily Mirror*.

Mr. C. E. Harvey, the successful Kettering (Northamptonshire) herd owner, attacked the adoption (by the Milk Marketing Board) of artificial insemination. "If this loathsome practice does not bring in its train some powerful retribution," he said, "there is no purpose in nature and no Creator in the universe."—*News Chronicle*.

Col. H. F. Brace said all that was wanted was a decent England for everyone, and he could not see that the question whether a man was a Conservative, Socialist or Liberal made the slightest difference.—*Grantham Journal*.

"God's weather" is against us because we are preparing for dancing and revelling on Victory Day rather than for thanksgiving, declares the Rev. Archibald McAlister Hay, of Braintree, Essex. That, he says, is why hopes of victory before Christmas have faded.—*Daily Mail*.

RELIEF AND REHABILITATION

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

At the end of the last world war food made up the greatest part of the relief supplied to Europe. Little attempt was made to revive the means of production of food and other necessities. Official relief ended in July, 1919, and the Continent was left with transport disorganised, machinery worn out and agriculture crippled, unable to find the foreign exchange to buy food, raw materials or manufactured goods for repairs. The Economic, Financial and Transport Department of the League of Nations has shown in its brochure, *Europe's Overseas Needs and How They Were Met,* the degree to which the inadequacy and premature termination of relief supplies delayed and distorted the recovery of Europe.

In the brave days of 1941 we were determined that, at the end of World War II, we would work together to restore the prosperity of all peoples. In September, 1941, shortly after the publication of the Atlantic Charter, when we still believed that it meant what it said, an Inter-Allied meeting at St. James's Palace set up a Bureau—the Leith-Ross Committee—to make estimates of what would be needed by Europe after the war. This Bureau worked out an excellent scheme designed to end the economic fragmentation of Europe and restore prosperity by co-operation. The Continent was to be dependent on overseas countries for no more than the initial supplies needed to relieve hunger and to get production under way again. The Bureau presented its report to the Allied Governments in June, 1943. It was not until November, 1943, two years after the meeting at St. James's Palace, that representatives of 44 Allied and Associated Nations accepted the agreement for a United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration.

Rehabilitation is a vague word. When used in relation to soldiers and workmen it does *not* mean first aid or even regular hospital treatment, but the final restoration, as far as is possible, of full efficiency. But the preamble of the U.N.R.R.A. agreement and a resolution adopted by the Council limit the activities of U.N.R.R.A. to immediate relief assistance in the resumption of urgently needed agricultural and industrial production; new construction or reconstruction is excluded. The military authority controls relief for an unspecified period, put provisionally at six months, after a country is liberated. U.N.R.R.A. is therefore squeezed between the period of military control and the limit set to its activities.

For its supplies U.N.R.R.A. is dependent on the Combined Boards—the Combined Food Board, the Combined Raw Materials Board and the Combined Production and Resources Board—on which only the U.S.A., Great Britain and Canada are represented. U.N.R.R.A. therefore becomes little more than an international façade, behind which three countries control supplies and the Military Authorities control distribution.

The population of the Allied Nations in Europe whose needs were estimated by the Leith Ross Committee is about 135 millions; this is approximately the same as the population of the U.S.A., and three times the population of Great Britain. Some relief is already being sent to one ex-enemy country as well. The total sum to be subscribed for relief and rehabilitation of over 135 million people is $2,000 millions. This would pay for our yearly peacetime imports of food and drink and tobacco, or our imports of manufactures and raw materials—that is, imports into a country with its factories in full working order needing no special repairs. The total cost of Lend-Lease aid, up to the end of June, 1943, was over six times as much. The British contribution of £80 million would not pay for our yearly imports of meat.

There can be no doubt about the extreme privations in Yugoslavia, Greece and Poland. In the West conditions seem to be not so bad as was expected, although considerably worse than some reports have alleged. But throughout the Continent animal products are scarce because livestock has been killed off to allow increasing cultivation of cereals. Denmark still yields an exportable surplus of dairy products, which at present goes to Germany. There are abundant supplies of cereals for relief; the problem is to find the animal products to meet this need.

The Combined Food Board has recommended the allocation for relief of 77 million lb. of canned and 21 millions of salted fish; among 135 millions this makes about ¼ lb. per head for the whole period of relief. All allocation has been made from the 1944 supplies of the U.S.A. of 100 million lb. of meat—¼ lb. per head, or less than our meat ration for one week; 100 million lb. of fat bacon—our bacon ration for three weeks. It is reported that evaporated milk is insufficient, but that there is enough dried skim milk to meet all demands; the scale on which demands are reckoned is not given. Allocations of lard are more generous—150 million lb., or over 1 lb. per head. It looks as though relief supplies may not be very different from those after the last war, when the only animal products in the dinners provided for children by relief agencies, were about ¼ pint of milk and 2 oz. of lard per child per week.

Supplies of ascorbic acid, riboflavin and vitamin A that have been recommended should be enough to treat special cases, whose needs cannot be met by ordinary foods. But vitamins, despite the claims of manufacturers and interested persons, will not take the place of good food. What Europe will need most will be animal products and the supplies allotted look like being pitifully small. There is talk of scraping the barrel; but the barrel seems pretty full. Meat consumption in the U.S.A. in 1943 was over 2 lb. per week—5 per cent. above pre-war level—and has not fallen off in 1944. If it were cut down to pre-war level the allocation for relief could be increased seven-fold.

Sugar also is scarce; here Britain comes into the picture. On October 15 of this year Col. Llewellin told the House of Commons that arrangements had been made to buy the whole exportable surplus of Australia, S. Africa, British West Indies, British Guiana, the E. African Territories, Fiji, Mauritius, San Domingo and Haiti up to the end of 1946. Before the war these countries produced one-seventh of the cane sugar and one-tenth of the total of the world. When, earlier in the year, Col. Llewellin reported similar negotiations to purchase other foodstuffs, he was asked whether these purchases would prejudice the supply to our Allies on the Continent. He replied that all would go into the common pool (controlled by the U.S.A., Britain and Canada). Why, if the common pool is to be shared fairly, did he cite these negotiations as examples of the way in which Britain's food supply is being safeguarded? Without any special efforts by the British Food Minister, the Combined Food Board is making intensive efforts to find a solution of the sugar problem; it could hardly fail to notice these important sources. What matters is not only whether foodstuffs go into the common pool but also how they come out. Are Britain and the U.S.A. using their position on the Combined Boards to secure their supplies of food at the expense of their Allies?

Our diet has been better than any on the Continent; there has not been the hunger that is inevitable when bread and potatoes are rationed; our meat supply, taking points and unrationed meat into account, has been higher even than in Germany. Friendly co-operation with our neighbours will be difficult, if we take their dairy products and sugar and leave them grain; it will be impossible if British Ministers imitate Col. Llewellin in his fatuous claim that we have been as strictly rationed as anyone during the war.

On September 25 the Council of U.N.R.R.A. passed a resolution calling the "attention of the member Governments to the importance and urgency of the need to provide means whereby the problems of continued rehabilitation may be jointly considered, and, through the co-operation of the nations successfully resolved." This need and urgency were obvious from the time that the scope of U.N.R.R.A. was limited in the preamble to the agreement drawn up a year and a half ago. Two years passed between the inaugural meeting at St. James's Palace and the actual setting up of U.N.R.R.A. in 1943; nearly one year later the Committee on Food was still receiving recommendations relating to requirements of seeds, agricultural machinery, livestock, etc. At this rate any further reconstruction will come years too late.

The inadequacy of the relief programme and the delay in setting up any organisation for reconstruction are not due to lack of energy or foresight. The pattern of the early stages of relief cannot be dissociated from general economic policy. The U.S.A. holds the wealth to pay the piper, and will call the tune of that policy. The tune is set out by the Department of Commerce in the U.S.A. in *The United States in the World Economy;* it is the establishment of business in Europe, wholly or partly under American control, with American technical and managerial services. Doubtless Big Business in Britain hopes to have a little finger in the pie, but has not yet been so open about it. This exploitation of Europe would be handicapped if relief were not enough to prevent a collapse; but it would not be compatible with the development of Europe under control of Europeans as contemplated in the plans of the Leith-Ross Committee and in the Peasants' Programme for the more limited area of Central and S.E. Europe. Hence stocks for relief purposes are being accumulated, but not on a scale that would create a risk of a buyer's market, and, while excellent plans for reconstruction are discussed, an administration is set up whose function is not to attempt reconstruction.

THE COLOUR BAR IN THE WEST INDIES

The colour problem in the West Indies has never assumed the gigantic shape that it has in the United States. The reason for this is that the majority of the communities are essentially coloured, and there is no question of a white majority oppressing a black minority as in the latter country. As a result, coloured people are found in every type of profession. That is not to say that discrimination does not occur. But it will never, or rarely, take the form of the naked race antagonism which predominates in the Southern States of America.

In every community which has been dominated or controlled by Europeans there arises an evitable bias towards the white because that is the colour of the dominant race. The mulatto will consider himself superior to the black, and will feel more in common with the European than with the Negro. So while few white West Indians would consider the racial problem from the angle of the Southern gentleman who reiterates in all discussions on the racial question, "But what would you do if your sister married a Negro," there is nevertheless a quiet discrimination amongst all the coloured population. The parents of brown children will encourage them to marry fairer people as it means a definite step up in the hidden social scale.

But the actual geographical situation of the West Indies has helped to create the problem. The island of Jamaica became one of the recognised tourist resorts for Americans. The growth of the tourist trade led to the usual social discrimination against the coloured population by the American. But as the American was always of means the discrimination remained on the level of the more expensive hotel or bar, and did not descend to the street car.

On the one hand the average man recognised that the American tourist represented a very definite source of revenue in the island. Coloured people of means did not attempt to stay at what were known as tourist hotels. On the other hand incidents occurred like that concerning one of the leading barristers in the island who was a Negro. He attempted to book a room at one of these hotels. In a written reply the hotel's tariff was quoted with a paragraph saying that to him the charges would be 100 per cent. more.

This was the state of affairs up to 1937. In that year, as is well known, the general unrest in Jamaica culminated in a series of riots and disturbances on a really alarming scale. The feeling in Jamaica was such as to produce a homogeneity of thought and feeling throughout the whole population. Action against this particular type of racial discrimination seemed to be taken overnight. On New Year's Eve the hotels were invaded by coloured Jamaicans who demanded to be admitted to the festivities. Such was the feeling in the island that they could not be refused. In the long run discrimination in its American form disappeared. The Jamaican had found a new self-respect.

This was the state of affairs up to the war and the granting of the West Indian bases to the United States. The impact of the American Army may be compared to that of the tourist. Both brought money and provided employment at high wages. From this point of view they were welcome. But an unfortunate choice was made in the type of American sent out to Jamaica. Quite a large proportion of the soldiers and airmen come from the Southern States. Their immediate reaction to Jamaica was to attempt to put into practice the social behaviour of Georgia or Missouri. The response must have alarmed them. For the first time the Southerner was in contact with a coloured population which did not accept the idea that Nature had designed it in an inferior mould to that of the white man. Incident followed incident. American soldiers would go into a bar, demanding to be served before all these "niggers." On refusal they would try to wreck the bar. In response Jamaican youths organised themselves in bands, and whenever Americans attempted to create incidents they were frustrated by sheer weight of numbers.

It was a losing fight for the American, very definitely a minority in a coloured country, newly imbued with political consciousness. The whole island seemed to be united against a revival of the former state of affairs. Eventually the authorities were forced to give way, and the greater part of the Southerners were removed. The new troops were issued with very strict instructions as to their behaviour towards the people of Jamaica, which appear to have been observed. But comparatively recently an advertisement was issued by the leading newspaper of the island giving details of a minor position at one of the bases. At the end it stated that white applicants would be preferred. A tremendous storm of indignation broke out throughout the community. The matter was taken up in the Legislative Assembly. Finally an apology was published on behalf of the American military authorities saying that the advertisement had been inserted without their approval, and steps would be taken to reprimand the person responsible. Moral victory could go no further.

The present situation in Jamaica is one of almost complete equality as regards race. The same hotels are used by both black and white, both coloured and American. There is no discrimination in cinemas or bars. The American is accepted as part of the community, and is more or less forced into the position where he has to accept the coloured man for what he is actually worth. It must be admitted, however, that some support was forthcoming for the American attitude originally. This came from that very small category of Jamaicans known as the pink men. The pink man is someone who prides himself on his pure white ancestry. In a country such as Jamaica which represents a complete racial amalgam it verges on the absurd to maintain such an idea. He is a bold man in Jamaica who can pretend to pure European ancestry and back it up with facts.

How far is the example of Jamaica valid elsewhere? Admittedly the racial problem varies from country to country. Conditions in the United States and South Africa are entirely different from those in the West Indies. But in all these regions one of the fundamentals of the problem is the necessity for the creation of self-respect on the part of the Negro. So long as the Negro continues to live in bad social conditions in the United States and South Africa next to a white community with a higher standard of life it is impossible to create that self-respect; no matter in what country these conditions may be found, there will be racial discrimination. Economic inferiority is the root of the rationalisation of the myth that the black man is naturally inferior to the white. The problem in America cannot be solved on West Indian lines. The unconscious mentality of the South is based on the economic and sexual fear of the Negro. But an appeal can be made to the self-interest of the individual. If it can be demonstrated to the Southerner that the economic backwardness of the Negro is holding up his own advance; if education and the general propaganda machine of the press and radio were directed in some part to the destruction of the myth, a solution of the problem might almost come in sight.

FERNANDO HENRIQUES

SSSH!

SUCH very queer things have been going on down our way that I'm not sure we ought to talk about it. They are still going on, you understand. At any moment—Sssh!

Mr. Fortescue is a gentleman living in a village in Southern England. It is his habit, of an evening, to sit at his window and read the paper and chat with the passers-by: a habit shared by his neighbours and indeed by thousands up and down the country.

Well, one evening as he was sitting at his window he heard a whistle and something struck him lightly and sharply on the cheek; he glanced round, at the gardens, at the sky, but could see nothing, and went back to his reading.

A few moments later the thing happened again, and this time he looked up to see his neighbour's small boy grinning through the honeysuckle. "Go away!" he shouted. But young Jasper seemed intent on blowing a flute of some kind, and every now and again, when he raised the instrument to his lips, a shower of hard little pellets would go whistling through the air.

Rice!

Mr. Fortescue saw the postman wobble on his bicycle and pitch forward. There was no sign of Jasper.

"How vexatious!" thought Mr. Fortescue; for if Jasper was bad, his father was ten times worse. No use appealing *there*—he was our local grocer, with a power of life and death in the larder; so Mr. Fortescue collected the sharp little grains of rice and set off for the police station. There a very extraordinary state of affairs was revealed. A dozen or more angry householders, all waving rice in envelopes, were being silenced by a statement from the sergeant in charge. "Such and such," he concluded, "may or may not have been the case. A certain party may have transgressed. We can't say. But rice is a funny thing—remember that—a very funny thing. *There are a lot of weddings nowadays.*" The last words were spoken so darkly that the little meeting broke up under a vow—no less strict for being mysterious—of silence.

Henceforth there could be no more assaults of rice. But at dinner Mr. Fortescue would suddenly clap his hand to the back of his head and exclaim, "Damn those whatd'youcallums." "The mosquitoes," Mrs. Fortescue would agree, "are very tiresome this evening." Next door the maid passing an open window gave a yell and dropped a pile of dishes. She was starting to explain (being a simple girl) when her mistress interposed with: "You mean it was a horse-fly, Mary." Everyone agreed that the horseflies and the mosquitoes were getting terrible. Young Jasper had taken to playing his flute at all hours so that it was hardly safe to venture out of doors.

The authorities had been keeping well out of sight all this time, but one night a bobby came round to say that investigations were complete and the offender would be charged with *blowing rice*. The phrase quite shocked us at first; but it was repeated and seemed in order, for a report had come from a Home Office analyst confirming that *rice*, the seed of the plant *Oryza sativa*, was indeed in question.

People began to feel rather easier in their minds and were settling down to take the rice as it came—which it did now in volleys, from all angles, Jasper having enlisted a number of companions.

Mr. Fortescue sat at his window wearing a balaclava helmet, the postman wobbled but rode on, even the horses and pigs and dogs accepted with an occasional howl the fact that life has its pinpricks.

Then one quiet evening, as Mr. Fortescue was ambling to the pub, he came on Jasper's elder brother, behind a lamp-post, digging an unmistakable blow-pipe into a potato. Plonk! A lozenge—more painful than any rice pellet—caught him under the eye; another clipped his ear, to the accompaniment of hoarse laughter, as he ran stumbling towards the police station. This time he had been apparently the first to suffer. The sergeant eyed him warily.

"I have been attacked," he began breathlessly, "wantonly assailed, by Jasper's elder brother."

"What's this, Mr. Fortescue?" asked the sergeant. "What's this?"

"With a potato." He held out his hand.

"No," said the sergeant.

"With pieces of a potato."

"No."

"Then what do you call this?"

The sergeant considered. "Nothing," he said at last, and winked uneasily.

He went on to explain—since there could be no one listening—that young Jasper's elder brother was a difficult case, feeble-minded, probably; and if it once dawned on him that there was any connection between his blowpipe and the peculiar yelps and hops of the villagers he would redouble his efforts. By this time several more complainants had arrived, and in silence they heard the official pronouncement that in future it would be a criminal offence to mention potatoes. "Just go on as though nothing had happened—nothing *has* as yet—and he'll probably give it up as a bad job."

So everyone walked round taking potato flecks out of their eyes and ears and exclaiming in a loud voice that it was a wicked waste of good rice.

And that has been the position ever since. We may say that rice is rice, and that potato is rice, but not that potato is potato. The next thing will be that Jasper's father will go up to town and come back with a catapult, and when flints are flying about and breaking windows and denting skulls, then we shall be allowed to raise our outcry: about potatoes.

Stop press. This morning the Vicar has flabbergasted everyone by preaching a sermon on Jasper's big brother! "We are in the happy position to-day," he said, amid rising excitement, "of being able to point the finger and call a spud a spud." Well, we couldn't believe our ears; we applauded, we hissed, we murmured Bravo, and No, he shouldn't have been told. For Jasper's big brother and Jasper himself, of course, were there in a corner, fairly hugging themselves with glee. They peppered us from the cemetery as we left, but out of habit we went on walking, in twos and threes, as though nothing had happened.

"Things are not always what they seem" had been the text of the Vicar's previous sermons.

Few of us now, if it came to the point, would care to admit openly that there's a war on, for fear of the encouragement it might give the enemy. And rice-puddings and shepherd's pies aren't as popular as they were.

But the question, so far unspoken, in all our minds is this:

"How many brothers has Jasper got?"

Some say three; others go as far as ten or twenty. There are even rumours of a sister, bigger than any of them, who has been taking lessons in archery.

G. W. STONIER

THE MOVIES

"Old Acquaintance," at Warner's
"Left of the Line" at the New Gallery
"San Diego—I Love You," at the Leicester Square

Mr. Van Druten's *Old Acquaintance* was an amusing little play about a clash of brows, which one remembers chiefly for a dazzling performance by Miss Edith Evans. The part has been handed on to Miss Bette Davis, and who in Hollywood could suggest more convincingly a writer with a heart and a talent? Her love affairs have to go wrong, too, and Miss Davis has known life (as they say) to slip away before. She will grow nicer and nicer, when the film is ended, more and more distinguished, and the encounters with her jealous and fluffy-brained friend who pours out best-sellers will settle down into an easy understanding touched by irony.

Now on the stage this proved lively enough; each act revealed just enough to carry itself and to leave something for the others. But a film has no curtains, no kindly intervals. If it deals with a lifetime, or a large slice of it, it must fill in the gaps and preserve a continuity. This the film version attempts to do, following the characters out of the limelight, round the corner and down the years. It begins slowly with the introductions, so slowly that Miss Davis has to divert us by wearing only her pyjama tops when she goes to bed. She might have been spared that, I think; though at the time even this very old gag seemed better than nothing. The hysterics of her old best-selling friend (Miriam Hopkins) are made to go a long way, too. Then, the two love affairs, at long intervals, have each to be worked out regretfully and conscientiously; and need I say that Miss Davis looks her best (in different moods) for both of them? But even the spectacle of Miss Davis twice in love and the promise of the good shaking she will give her old friend after fifteen years isn't enough to animate this slow-moving stream. At one moment, to bridge an interval, we have to listen for what seems a very long while to Miss Davis broadcasting a patriotic speech. The crisp situation of the play, in fact, has been almost if not quite lost by taking too seriously what was meant lightly. This is a pity, because Miss Davis's performance is on her usual high level, and the others (especially Miriam Hopkins and John Loder) play with distinction.

If *Left of the Line* isn't quite another *Desert Victory*—the events, though stirring, are less dramatic, and such records fall now into a pattern—it is still a fine piece of work. One remembers the highlights: the huge invasion fleet spread out below, the landings, the smashed villages, the flowers, the craters, the bombardment of Caen the final race across France and Belgium—all those breathless moments from the weekly newsreel have been gathered into one, and gathered most skilfully. The early sequences of an army getting on the move in England are almost as exciting as the battle scenes; and throughout good photography has been enhanced by slick cutting. The story ends, after a gallop of four days, with Brussels. British and Canadian Army Film Units are responsible.

Do you remember in *The Great Dictator* a gentleman who jumped out of the window to demonstrate his wonderful new parachute? He reappears, if I'm not mistaken, in *San Diego—I Love You*, and his name is Edward Everett Horton. This time he tries to float a patent raft. He is helped by one of those diabolical families that make films funny and life not worth living. I enjoyed the discomforts, the local colour, the touch of fantasy in their adventures (Eric Blore and Buster Keaton make touching appearances). This comes—not quite so shiningly as Preston Sturges—out of an America of soft hearts and rattlesnakes we are all secretly afraid of.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

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ACTAEON'S LAMENT

I have beaten the drum and danced. I have seen
Incredible faces peering through the green
Leaves of the sycamore, yet did not lack
Company while the hounds were at my back.

Now hounds cry in my bones as once they cried—
Their eyes turned wise and savage—when I died.
For I was torn to shreds as well you know
And in my mouth the blue-tongued lichens grow.

Never a girl—it was the greyhound grace
And rhythm of her limbs, that questing face—
Has torn my heart or laid me down so low
Among the fern as she has laid me now.

Jays flirt and haver in the early year.
Heavy upon my unforgetful ear
The hunter's tread resounds, and far away
My crowned hounds celebrate Diana's day.

SIDNEY KEYES

Correspondence

GERMANY

SIR,—Colonel Minshall's observation and conclusions in reply to Mr. C. A. Smith appear to me confused. No careful student of Germany would expect to find Pan-Germans among "Jews, Communists, 'politically unsound,' religionists, defeatists" in the concentration camps. He might find them among profiteers; they are less typical prisoners of the Nazis. There are, of course, non-Nazi Pan-Germans; but Colonel Minshall should know that these are to be found rather among aristocrats and Reichswehr officers, as well as—with a different emphasis of greed or self-interest—among the Ruhr industrialists, especially Catholic monarchists like Thyssen. They are not characteristic of the German working class, and certainly not of the concentration camps. Colonel Minshall would do better to watch the activities of Otto of Hapsburg and Rupprecht of Bavaria. Equally confused appears his claim to know anti-militarist refugees who consider that Germany is entitled to dominate the Slavs, a remarkable conjunction which, it is true, he claims to detect in their sub-conscious. There are Germans in this country and the United States whom I would watch very carefully; Otto Strasser, Hermann von Rauschnig, Baron von Rintelen will do as a specimen trio. But I fear that Colonel Minshall and Lord Vansittart are policemen who will detain the housemaid while the murderer is getting through the window.

Mr. Taylor shows the same tendency to concentrate on the wrong enemy, but perhaps this is simply in controversy with Mr. C. A. Smith. Mr. Taylor does appear to admire German Liberalism. The essential point, of course, is how far Liberals, as well as their persecutors, are representative of nineteenth-century Germany. Are we to blame the French Huguenots, or even the abstraction "France," for the massacre of St. Bartholomew? I suggest that from the defeat of Napoleon onwards, European Liberalism received a strong inspiration from Germany. It is true it was beaten down in 1848, but that happened all over Europe. After that the Social Democrats represent the greatest force of liberty and revolt in Germany. They became the largest Socialist Party in Europe; but as Mr. Taylor doesn't like them this probably does not impress him. I feel, however, that he again confuses the issue by references to Liebknecht and Eisner. The Social-Democrats fought with great ferocity against Communist and near-Communists. In this they certainly had the support of the Allies. I hold no brief whatever for Noske or his colleagues; but I have very little doubt that in any defeated country similar violence might arise not only between Left and Right, but among a divided Left. We saw a similar phenomenon in Russia of 1917; in this case the far Left triumphed—with Mr. Taylor's approval? Italy has already offered us recent examples of the ferocity of political feeling in a defeated country emancipated from dictatorship. We watch liberated France with fears as well as hopes.

Great Bardfield, Essex. A. DOUGLAS SMITH

SIR,—To Mr. Taylor's first letter charging the whole German people with Pan-Germanism, I replied showing the worthlessness of his tendencious selection of facts.

T. H. Minshall now says that national socialism should not be confused with Pan-Germanism and that opponents of the former are not necessarily opponents of the latter. Agreed; and my letter of November 4th carefully avoided that confusion. He further says that many anti-Nazi German refugees feel themselves superior to Slavs. Agreed again; but how does this prove the moral superiority of Britons, since many British democrats have an equally strong and no better-founded feeling of superiority to Indians and Chinese?

Mr. Taylor's second letter is a mixture of irrelevance and error. He alleges that I am an "admirer" of the German Social Democratic Party, and calls them my "favourites." The fact is that the group of Continental Socialists with which I was associated included the Independent Socialists, but not the Social Democrats. But while this mistake invalidates much of his letter as an argument against me, it is irrelevant to his first contention that the Germans as a nation are inferior to the British in their regard for international justice. I countered his selection of instances by others which he had excluded, whereupon he changes both his ground and even his instances. Instead of denying that there has ever been strong opposition within Germany to Pan-Germanism, he now says that the opposition was crushed. So it was; and if the struggle of British Socialists against British Imperialism had assumed the same militant form, it, too, might have been crushed similarly. The British opposition to the Crimean War of which his first letter boasted is discreetly omitted from his second. Why? Because even Mr. Taylor realises that he cannot claim credit for British anti-militarists who supported John Bright during the Crimean War and simultaneously refuse credit to German anti-militarists who opposed wars from 1866 to 1914; both failed completely. Mr. Taylor claims that Gladstone and Campbell-Bannerman were each carried to office with great popular support on the basis of a programme defending the freedom of other peoples. Unfortunately both for Mr. Taylor and for the British people, it was precisely Gladstone's anti-imperialism over the Transvaal and Sudan issues which caused him much loss of popularity and contributed importantly to his defeat in 1885. As for Campbell-Bannerman, he marked the end of the anti-imperialist tradition of the Liberal Party. Asquith and Grey were Liberal Imperialists determined to retain an Empire covering one-quarter of the earth's surface; and which of the Pan-German anti-Nazis so scorned by Mr. Taylor ever developed a Pan-Germanism as ambitious as this Pan-Britishism?

His two final sentences are sheer bunk. The first says that the German Republic "owed nothing to German efforts." It is true that the Republican movement in Germany was, as a cause, necessary, though not sufficient. But his sweeping assertion conflicts so patently with the massive evidence to the contrary that any *soi-disant* "historian" guilty of it is past hope of enlightenment. The second reads: "Freedom was, and will be, imposed upon the Germans from without." Here he shows himself a bad philosopher and a bad psychologist, as well as a bad historian, but there is no space now to discuss the philosophy of freedom.

Mr. Taylor's reckless mixture of truths, half-truths and untruths can aid the cause neither of peace nor of international justice. If it is a sample of the "history" now taught at Magdalen College, Oxford, there are other people besides the Germans in dire need of re-education. C. A. SMITH.

GERMAN PRISONERS

SIR,—As one who has made a special study of the psychological problems of exile, I should like most emphatically to endorse the plea which has been advanced for a system of re-education for German prisoners of war.

Prisoners of war more than any other class of expatriates, except religious and scientific hermits,

are subject to crystallisation of outlook and hardening of prejudice. Paradoxically enough, it is this very characteristic that as often as not makes their return to their normal environment easier than that of, say, soldiers who have served a long time abroad. This is, of course, only true where their home environment has not undergone any striking changes in their absence.

Where the environment in exile is morally acceptable, behaviour patterns, which it conditions, become rationalised and an influence on intellectual development. The individual on his return consequently tends to become conscious that he is something of a misfit.

Where, as in the case of a prison camp, the environment is clearly in every way—socially, economically and morally—monstrous, the individual clings like a limpet to the values of the society from which he is temporarily banished, values which are frequently distorted by the selective way in which memory works.

To return Germans in this condition to the kind of Germany which we hope will exist after our victory in arms will not only create a social and political menace, but will be an act of subtle cruelty to the prisoners themselves and one to which few people would care to be parties. PROD

PALESTINE

SIR,—In your "Comments" of November 11th you condemn the murder of Lord Moyne in words with which everyone will agree. You then go on to say: "... we hope that this deplorable incident will serve to induce the Government to state in explicit terms what partition of Palestine they intend to enforce and then to enforce it against these Jewish fanatics and also against the Arab killers whose toll of murders is far greater than the Jewish."

You appear to assume that a partition of Palestine has been decided upon by the Cabinet, though what evidence you have of this I cannot imagine. Partition would be opposed not only by world Jewry, but by all those who believe that Britain is pledged in honour by the Balfour Declaration and by our acceptance of the terms of the present mandate. Economically, partition would be ridiculous. What Palestine needs is a Jordan Valley Authority to supply cheap electric power to the whole area. The partition proposed by the Peel Committee, of unfortunate memory, would leave the head waters of the Jordan in the Arab enclave and the Jews with the part of the country which needs electric power and irrigation most of all.

Every economist and technician who has studied the situation in Palestine has condemned partition on practical grounds, quite apart from any political objections.

I can only assume that whoever wrote the *Comment* was overcome by emotion. The policies of a great Empire should not be deflected by the pistol shots of two assassins in Egypt. We had an example of such deflection after the Phœnix Park murders, which set back the cause of Irish Home Rule for a generation with disastrous results, for when we were ready to grant it, it was too late.

It is obvious that there is a deep-rooted trouble in Palestine. Without condoning violence and assassination, I suggest that it should be probed by an impartial committee of enquiry.

House of Lords. STRABOLGI

PAKISTAN

SIR,—Pakistan would be justified only on the basis of a universal Moslem demand. But all the Moslem organisations of India, except the League, have unanimously rejected it. The Ahrars, which is gaining strength so rapidly that Mr. Jinnah invited it to join the League, condemns it totally. The Khaksars and the Khudai-Khidmatgars are strong Moslem bodies, and are Congressite. The Jamiat-Ulema (Moslem Divines) has expressed itself against the Pakistan scheme. The Momins and the Shias, who together form the bulk of the Moslems in India, have never supported this idea of partition. These are undebatable facts. Unfortunately, however, they are not known in this country, and Pakistan is thought of as a general Moslem demand. Indeed, such was the indignation of the Moslem community at Mr. Gandhi's even countenancing Mr. Jinnah as the sole leader of the Indian Moslems, that it formed in July an All-India Moslem Majlis in Delhi comprising all the Moslem parties of India as a challenge to the League. The President of this Conference declared on July 11th, "It is quite obvious that Mr. Jinnah or his League cannot face a plebiscite even in Moslem-majority provinces on the question of partitioning of India." Mr. Jinnah tacitly admitted this when he demanded that no Hindu shall vote.

Pakistan has been described in your columns as "the demand of the Moslem masses for their right to self-determination in cultural as well as in political fields." In fact, as we show above, all Moslem organisations with but one exception have rejected it. Self-determination has meaning only if religious communities can be shown to have different political interests. In other words, we come to the two nations theory which Mr. Gandhi has so categorically refused to accept. Representing the vast majority of the Moslems in this country, as well as the Indian Congressmen, may we be permitted to associate ourselves with the Indian Moslem organisations in supporting Mr. Gandhi's refusal? The partitioning of India would not solve whatever differences we may have now, but by creating exclusive religious States would start us off on a period of religious wars.

S. A. SHAH
A. KLAN
D. M. SEN
A. GHANI

Indian National Muslim Committee,
8, White Church Lane,
London, E.1.

EDUCATION IN THE R.A.F.

SIR,—As one of the airmen at the receiving end of the R.A.F. "Education" provisions and with some experience of University and Workers' Educational Association adult education in peace and war, I feel that Air Vice-Marshal V. K. Thorold is too optimistic of the results of the Services education policy. Quite frankly so far it only provides some of the facilities that politically alive or similarly minded persons used in peacetime and doesn't attract in practice the vast bulk of the ordinary airmen and none of the air crews and officers, for it is away from the latter's province. The ordinary serving men and women are away from their traditional political and social contacts, trade unions, residents' associations, political parties, local authority elections, and so the normal natural inducement to a community sense is absent. It should therefore be the duty of the "Education" provided to realise that its "consumers" are still civilians at heart, suspicious of "Education" with its parades, and that the best approach is along the lines of civilian contacts and methods.

Instead of circulating Air Ministry rehashes of White Papers, as they did on the "Demobilisation" one, circulate the White Paper itself. Then the man could refer to it in his letters to his wife, could suggest she buys it, and would at the same time bring home the principle and practice of White Papers which the men will then carry into "civvy street" in after life. Again, nearly all camps carry regular film shows. Now why shouldn't documentaries be carried in all regular programmes or shorts on the Food Flashes style. But, of course, don't tell the man he is being educated. Films like "World of Plenty," or shorter ones preferably, would be suitable, and we would find after a period that men would look for and appreciate this method. Again, more open meetings of the camps to discuss personal or even working matters could be held, for example, to deal with NAAFI profits, some of which are spent by the camp on sports, welfare and so on. In other words, an approach to the parish meeting idea! Is it so impossible in the Services? Reading rooms, too, carry far too limited a selection of journals. To mix

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L. A. C.

SIR,—The discussion started by Air Vice-Marshal Thorold has raised two fundamental points concerning the future of adult education.

Undoubtedly the experience of education officers in the R.A.F. and the army has shown that adult education may be presented by new means and will be accepted by those who would not have looked twice at an adult class before the war, but it is important that the main effort of the adult education movement should not be dissipated on a job that would be done better by the peacetime successor (if any) of the M.o.I. News rooms there might be in every community centre, but surely it is important that in every town there should be a community centre whose primary purpose is adult education rather than a number of community centres where adult education is given a room once or twice a week.

Who shall provide these centres?—ideally the local education authority provided that a large measure of control was given to the members who used it. However, many L.E.A.s will have a full programme in other directions, and others are reluctant to touch a somewhat controversial field, so it is important that voluntary bodies should be willing to undertake this responsibility. A letter from A. S. in your last issue urging grants from the Ministry of Education for the establishment of news rooms is to the point, but the idea should be extended to include grants to adult education centres already in existence as well as the ones that will be established. Many members of the W.E.A. are opposed in principle to receiving grants for administrative purposes, but as the largest voluntary body in the movement the future lies largely in its hands and progress in urban districts will be achieved by the establishment of such centres. The need is urgent, but it will only begin to be met if the voluntary bodies take the initiative.

Swarthmore Settlement, DESMOND NEILL
Leeds

THE "COMMON PROSTITUTE"

SIR—Mr. Hillier describes a Court which appears to conduct its business with as little concern for correct procedure as the Court in Galsworthy's "Silver Box."

The girls are charged "with being a common prostitute," which is not an offence. A common prostitute doesn't break the law until she behaves riotously or indecently in the street (Vagrancy Act), loiters in the street for the purpose of soliciting prostitution to the annoyance of other people (Metropolitan Police Act), or loiters and importunes passengers for the purpose of prostitution to the annoyance of others (Town Police Clauses Act). Proof of disorder or annoyance is essential, and it is the duty of the Clerk, in asking a defendant to plead, to explain the exact nature of the charge.

If the first girl pleaded not guilty the case should have been tried; in the other cases the police should have given a resume of the facts and the defendant should have been asked if she wished to say anything before sentence. Only County Court judges are addressed as "Your Honour"; it is extraordinary that a court official should not know that a magistrate is "Your Worship."

The magistrate's "ledger" was the Court register, containing particulars of the charges. As the Clerk would also have these particulars before him the announcement of the nature of the charges by the assistant gaoler was unnecessary and unusual. The Clerk no doubt spoke in a loud voice because he has learnt from bitter experience that most of the people he has to address say they are deaf. His "ding-dong" manner comes from his having repeated hundreds of times the same or similar phrases, the bad effect of which is noticeable in parsons, bus conductors and rag-and-bone men as well as in magistrates' clerks.

All this is not to say that Mr. Hillier's implied criticism of the law is not justified, but effective criticism must have its facts right.

STANLEY FRENCH

STUDENT HOOLIGANISM

SIR,—The recent exhibition of hooliganism from a section of Cambridge University undergraduates cannot, in the opinion of my executive committee, be too strongly condemned. Students burnt Government petrol, damaged property, blocked transport, disrupted the Civil Defence Services, and behaved in a drunk and disorderly fashion, only too reminiscent of the activities of the Hitler Jugend. Such conduct is, in our opinion, a direct betrayal of our soldiers fighting on the battle-fronts, among whom are numbered many thousands of students and ex-students. It is a betrayal, too, of Britain's young workers in factory, mine and shipyard, who are working overtime to hasten victory.

Certain sections of the Press are making considerable political capital out of the "rag." They are hoping thus to build insuperable barriers between the British people as a whole and the future technicians, doctors, teachers and administrators, whose role will be decisive in the reconstruction of Britain. This, they hope, will be one more spoke in the wheel of post-war advance.

We wish, therefore, to state emphatically that the students who took part in the "rag" form an unrepresentative minority of the student body as a whole. The vast majority who, by permission of the Government, have been permitted in the interests of the war effort to continue their studies, have not abused their privileged position. They have carried on their work often under considerable difficulties, with shortened courses and spare time given up to military training and war work of different kinds. In universities where, this session, formerly compulsory military training has been made voluntary, an average of 94 per cent. and 96 per cent. of the students have chosen to carry on with the training.

Not only the 4,000 members of the University Labour Federation, but, indeed, the vast majority of the student population up and down the country, are repudiating the Cambridge undergraduates who participated in the "rag."

We deprecate equally strongly the tendency to condone the action of the students, which may be found in some quarters. Their action is forgiven since it is said to be in the accepted "student tradition." The true "student tradition" is not a tradition of hooliganism and irresponsibility, but the tradition laid down by our finest student leaders, such as Cornford, Guest and Ram Nahum, and of countless others, who have shown themselves willing in this war against Fascism to lay down their lives for their country.

CLARE CASSY,
Secretary.

University Labour Federation,
Cambridge.

UNIVERSITY REPRESENTATION

SIR,—The method of open voting has a long tradition in Universities. The ballot was introduced in Parliamentary elections in 1872 to prevent the scandals of bribery and intimidation and to safeguard the interests of agricultural labourers and workmen now protected by powerful unions. Open voting is the method of voting in Parliament, local councils, limited liability companies and is not considered "scandalous." Under the ballot, a man does not know his friends—and enemies. This makes no strong appeal to the Englishman. In the first University of London election in which I voted, I was asked at the hustings for whom I voted and gave the answer orally. Proxy voting was allowed. The current method is by signed voting papers, open and available for scrutiny, proxies being allowed in special circumstances.

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"REVIEWS in this age," says Mr. Rowse in a sentence which revives the fading belief in human progress, "have rather taken the place of sermons in the last." If the Victorians republished them, why should we not do so and give our contemporaries something to sleep over on Sunday afternoons? Many reviewers have stood the test of binding. It is no bad thing to write for the hour or the day, but, as Hazlitt showed, the hour must be allowed to expand in the mind and the day must be waiting to be filled. Egotistical reviewing by the male and female "personality girls" never fills an hour, let alone a day; but Walter Bagehot's reviews survive. So do Lytton Strachey's. Arnold Bennett's are not boring. Katherine Mansfield's catty excursions still draw blood. (She reviewed novels very well.) These last two had the uncommon gift of saying much in a short space. There we have to face the great argument against republication. A Bagehot can go on for hours, but the modern reviewer dabs on his make-up, glides on to his signature tune, with his patter pouring from him. He twirls in the spotlight with his stooge-author and is played off before the audience have time to cry out that the stooge looked more interesting than the actor. And then republication has a sinister side. Dealing with a variety of books, the reviewer is under the delusion that he has a variety of opinions; but when his book appears he is shocked (or ought to be) that he has just one or two opinions only, which he has gone on repeating. Like extensive travel, reviewing narrows the mind. One reads more and more; one thinks less and less. One simply talks.

That is the great defence of the modern reviewers. They talk. They provide the educated conversation of our time. Eight hundred words on the Elizabethan navigators, half a column on the English revolution, a column on the 17th century background—those essays revive the lost art of set conversation. Mr. Rowse's reviews and articles in *The English Spirit** are excellent examples. Clarendon and Macaulay, Nelson and Drake, Elizabeth and Ralegh, Pym and Hampden, are talked off the shelf and into our minds once more; and they bring with them his thoughts on the English tradition, on our behaviour in politics and the mystery of the national character. I shall never read Clarendon, but I am glad to read about him. That is on the credit side. But there is a debit, too: I know my Erasmus only through books and essays on Erasmus, and Mr. Rowse's essay prolongs my idleness by talking about him. He reminds me that books about books are the very devil. On the other hand, I do know my Elizabethan seamen, and I think I have read everything that great scholar Mr. J. A. Williamson has written about the age of discovery; and so, in these pages of Mr. Rowse, I am annoyed that he is reviewing and not writing at length off his own bat. The great weakness of modern reviewing is that, owing to its brevity, it cannot attack the subject frontally, but has to trickle in at the side and skirmish on the outskirts.

Mr. Rowse's collection falls into two or three main groups. There are the historical studies: here he shows his equipment. There are the pages on the poetry of Herbert and Swift: there he goes farther and shows his sensibility; and Mr. Rowse is richer, I think, in his evocative pages than in his argumentative ones. And then there are the more generalised pages on the English spirit, where he is a mixture of historian, poet and journalist. If it is true—but I do not think it is—that the English are modest and self-deprecating about their virtue and achievement, they are well served by the obliging Celts, the Welsh, Irish, the Scots and Cornishmen like Mr. Rowse, who remind the world that the Englishman is not a decadent because he is a peaceful man who admires above all the middle way. Look at Pym and Hampden, the English revolutionaries, says Mr. Rowse; they are natural conservatives driven to extreme courses by the stupidity of their rulers. "The Englishman's patriotism . . ." (Mr. Rowse is quoting a passage from an American book called *God's Englishman*) "allows him to admire no one else. The Anglo-Saxon being what he is does not need to learn." The truth is, Mr. Rowse says, that all through our history we have been subject to foreign influences, rather more than most countries, and he concludes with a challenge, a hard challenge such as we used to issue every day in the 19th century: "The time has come when other peoples—to judge from the state of the world around us—might well learn something from us." We may have overrun the backward or unexplored territories of the earth; we may have dealt hardly with the Irish or the Boers, or indifferently with the peoples of India; but we have never tried to overrun civilisation and to impose our stamp on Europe.

Mr. Rowse's English fervour came to a head in 1940 when, as he says, many were astonished by the depth of their love for England, many who before that time had been apologetic. Since that time there has been a strong movement in this country to remind us of "the English way" of doing things. I am in two minds about this movement. Mr. Rowse shares the general horror we have of those two Midland industrialists who ruled us before 1940, yet one of those, with his pipe and his arable, made a special song about the English spirit and tradition. It was the tired business man's lullaby, the nostalgia of the repentant iron founder for the 18th century, the hymn of the moderate man, Live and let live, which, being confronted with unemployment and the Spanish Civil War, meant Live and let die. In those days the *Times* used to publish very fine and soothing pictures of the English countryside, photographs which, with enormous ingenuity, managed to avoid the acres that had been ruined, which picked out the Norman church and evaded the revolting bungalow, which dwelt on the survivals of the past and not on the making of the present. The camera cannot lie, yet this England had not existed in any general sense for more than a hundred years. But it served its purpose. How sane, how good, things were in this country, whereas, over the Pyrenees six-of-one-and-half-a-dozen-of-the-other were cutting one another's throats. Now it is true the Englishman loves Nature and loves the old ways, but woe betide him if he or the foreigner is deluded into believing that is all he loves. It is true that the great leaders have always drawn out the instinct of national unity and have talked over the heads of the parties to the mass of politically unaffiliated men and women; but woe betide us if we believe we are a mild and moderate race of country-lovers who spend our time sinking differences. The bravado and quixotry of the Cavalier is in us, as well as the religious intransigence of the Roundheads. If we are moderate, it is because the extremes rage in our blood. We have the art of living in conflict, and it would be a bad thing if we argued that conflict was alien to the idleness, the happiness, the comfort, the sanity of the English nature. Again and again when I read about the English spirit I suspect that this particular brew is a distillation of middle-class nostalgias trailing on from the 19th century.

I am not saying that Mr. Rowse goes in for this patriotic opiate. As he says, from the mid-17th to the mid-18th century we were thought to be the most turbulent and changeable of peoples. In the 19th we were regarded as a kind of hell of fire and smoke. And when he looks at the past he shows us where it throws a light on our own age. I should like him to enlarge on the striking resemblances between our times and the Elizabethan. It is not, for example, the meditative and sober countryman, learned in the ways of the past, who has become the most Elizabethan of modern soldiers. Our Elizabethans are the soldiers whom Wingate trained in Burma to outdo the Japanese in the solitary fighting of the jungle, men who most precisely recall the awful expeditions of Ralegh's men and Drake's in the forests of America; and these men come from the factory towns of the North, the ugliest and filthiest towns of England, whose leisure life has been led between the cinema, the gin palace and the greyhound track, and not in the contemplation of Norman churches and Cotswold stone. They were trained by a Plymouth Brother and philosopher, an intellectual and fanatic without a pennyworth of moderation in him.

Mr. Rowse is at his best among the Elizabethans, not only because there he is soaked in knowledge, but because they, above all, fill the ardent side of his imagination; the more sensitive and reflective side is taken by the last peaceful decade before the Civil War, the years of Herbert, Vaughan and Traherne. Those two periods point to the opposing keys in our contemporary nature. In the twenty years between the wars in England we were enormously influenced by the Continent. So it was in the Elizabethan age. The English spirit, for all its insularity, is highly suggestible; it is nothing if not European:

> In spite of the intensely English character of the age, the truth is that there seems something alien to us in its spirit, something ingrained that gave it a twist of magnificence and cruelty, a streak of the Italian, Italy of the Medici and of Machiavelli. You can see it looking out of the face of Elizabeth herself, and her whole environment was no less marked by Italian refinements; when the musicians at Court were mostly Italian, when Italian was spoken by courtiers in preference to French, when translations from Italian were all the vogue with the dramatists and poets. It is the Renaissance in full blow on English soil, though a little late, that is the explanation of it all: the common spirit giving common form to these innumerable diverse objects here brought together. Look at this great chimney piece from Madingley, with its noble proportions. If you half-shut your eyes, you can see the dominant classical structure of it as pure as the purest Georgian; yet here it is bedizened and bulging with decorated caryatids and figures and fruits. And the same is true of all these things, the full-blown suits of armour and the flagons and silver bowls, the great chairs and flowing gowns no less than of the humbler vessels of green glaze ware.

And again:

> . . . [The Elizabethans] rioted in extremes of opulence, ardour, joy; they must even have derived pleasure from their exaggerated griefs. The Lord Treasurer, Burghley, when he could not persuade the Queen to what he wanted, used to give way to floods of tears. A sober statesman over-eats at a feast, and, having to take physic, has to absent himself from important affairs of State for days or weeks. The same unrestraint, the same bravado, that led a sea-captain to sail his ship up the Thames with sails of damask, that led Ralegh when there was a rumour of his disgrace to show himself to the people who hated him, clad in silver from top to toe, inspired the ladies to their gigantic ruffs which the Puritans so disapproved of, and the dramatists to pile the stage with corpses in their final acts.

Having read that about the Elizabethans, one wonders whether it has ever in its essence ceased to be true. The American pictures of English life in the sage heyday of the Utilitarians show a riotous, eccentric, boastful and consequential people, consumedly self-centred. Think of Cobbett arriving in England to drag Tom Paine's bones round the country like a circus show. Think of the two Tennysons. Think of our two theatrical Lawrences. Think of Mr. Churchill with what Mr. Rowse calls "his Government by epigram." It is ourselves, not the foreigners, who have invented the fantasy that we do not blow our own trumpets; it is only we who somehow manage to turn our unreadiness for war into a boast and our Dunkirks into victories. But it will be dangerous if we start believing our own propaganda, the propaganda that presents us as mild, sober, grave, nature-loving conservatives, ruminating on our political wisdom and the gradualness of God Almighty. It is a bad export—for no foreigner has ever met an Englishman like that.

V. S. PRITCHETT

* *The English Spirit.* By A. L. ROWSE. *Macmillan.* 12s. 6d.

SUMNER WELLES'S WORLD

Time for Decision. By SUMNER WELLES. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15s.

To be Under-Secretary of State, a successful newspaper columnist, and the author of a best seller, all within twelve months, is a considerable achievement. But Mr. Sumner Welles in his *Time for Decision* has written a book which is not merely a best seller but by far the most important work on American foreign policy in the last twenty-five years, and by far the most far-sighted plan for the post-war world that has emerged from World War II.

Almost half of this very long book is given up to the trials and troubles of the world from 1919 to 1939. Till 1933 Mr. Welles finds little good in American policy towards the world turmoil, but with the accession of Mr. Roosevelt the world's gloomy descent into the abyss is enlightened—but not retarded—solely by the foresight and understanding of the President of the United States. This warm admiration for F.D.R. seems somewhat uncritical. All the good in his administration's policy springs from him, all the evil (and plenty of errors are noted) from his advisers. American policy in the Spanish Civil War, for instance, is denounced as the greatest blunder in the Roosevelt administration, but it is blamed on bad advisers and lethargic public opinion.

The description of the Under-Secretary's tour of Europe in 1940 as the President's agent is first-class news reporting of the "I met Hitler" type, but adds little of importance to our information. By far the most important part of the book is at the very end—above the high-water mark of many readers—where a complete blueprint for a post-war world organisation is developed. The necessity for the immediate establishment of a Provisional United Nations Council is the lesson that the whole of this lengthy book attempts to teach.

The present tenuous agreements between the Big Four, Mr. Welles argues, are insufficient, because the smaller Powers of the world will never agree to permanent domination. Any World Council must combine two functions: (1) It must give military leadership and responsibility to the great military Powers, (2) It must give to the representatives of all the smaller United Nations the right to participate effectively in discussions on international matters. The main tasks before the World Council will be to lay the foundations of an economic and political order while the war is still being waged; to make a peace which will end the war; and, since it is only a provisional council, to set up a permanent World Congress and World Court to succeed it. Further, a Commission on Security and Armaments, which will be part of the permanent organisation, must be established at once.

This commission would be responsible for the disarmament and strict inspection of the armament potential of the defeated nations. If there is to be partial disarmament on the part of the victors, the commission would inspect to see that armaments were kept within limits. Such limits would be at both ends of the scale, for each nation would have to keep a minimum of armaments to play its part in the enforcement of peace. There would be no International Police Force, only an international army composed of national contingents raised *ad hoc* by the Security Commission. The first call would be on the nations in the region where the trouble began; only if that failed to stop the conflict would a world-wide force be called into being.

With this plan in mind it is easier to turn back to Mr. Welles's discussion of how to deal with the particular problems of the post-war world. He deals first with the great successful American experiment—the Good Neighbour policy in South America—to which no one has contributed more than the former Under-Secretary of State. The British reader will note the close parallel with our own development of Dominion relations. The one Great Power—the United States—is responsible for the major part of the defence of the whole continent, but it always leans over backwards to avoid the appearance of dictating to the other Powers, especially in matters of internal politics. There are arrangements for mutual consultation in case of a threat to their security, and a recognition that a threat to one member of the community is a threat to all. Pan-America has stood the strain of war amazingly well—every country, including Argentine, has broken relations with the Axis—and there is no more hopeful chapter in this book than the description of the growth of this system. But it is emphasised that the Good Neighbour policy is a model not a pattern of organisation for the world, since its agreements lack the *ultima ratio* of force, without which no World League can exist.

Of Japan, Mr. Welles speaks with the knowledge acquired during several years of service there. Defeated Japan, he says, will be made innocuous only if thoroughly disarmed and confined to her islands. Even so for many years ahead her concentrated hatred will be directed against the United States as the prime agent of her defeat. Only a liberal world trade policy that enables the Japanese people to profit by their ingenuity will assuage this feeling and make Japan a full partner in world peace.

The solution of the other problems in the Pacific and Far East is regarded as largely a matter of controlling the white man. The greatest danger is that Japanese propaganda of the "Asia for the Asiatics" will, unless the colonial powers reform, bear the bitter fruit of an East united against the West. The Council is to effect this reform by leaving the administration of the colonies in the present "owner's" hands, but setting up in each colonial area a Trusteeship Organisation on which all the interested Powers—including non-colonial Powers—will be represented. This body would have its own agents with the right to inspect and report on the welfare of the inhabitants in every colony, and on their progress towards self-government.

The chapter on Russia is entitled "The Constructive Power of the U.S.S.R.", a pleasant change from the Pecksniff-Jeremiads of most professional diplomats. Mr. Welles's complaint is that on our own side there is a disastrous lack of understanding and trust of Russia. The Western Powers seem unable to realise that Russia's post-war plans are neither unnatural nor unjust. As a Great Power she simply demands a return to her status in 1905, when she was equally a Power in the Far East and in Eastern Central Europe. Though the fulfilment of these demands may require population shifts (e.g., of Poles out of White Russia, and of Germans out of East Prussia), it is both possible and, if it helps to stabilise Northern Asia and Eastern Europe, most economical of human suffering. Russia may also be expected to build her own "regional system" amongst the States on her borders. As long as there is no interference with the internal affairs of other countries, this should be regarded as perfectly legitimate.

Mr. Welles recognises the potential menace inherent in Russia's immense power, but he is more concerned with subduing the devil he does know—Germany—than with preparing against unborn Beelzebubs. The Wellesian demonology of Germany reveals that its record of 200 years of

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war-making is the result of the machinations of the General Staff—"the real master of the German race." This menace has become a world problem since in 1871 the General Staff's resources were increased by the unification of the Reich. In planning for the future the German militarists have already begun to bring all Europe's productive resources under their sway through financial and managerial control of Continental cartels. Black as he finds the German soul, Mr. Welles does not believe that it is past redemption, nor that it can only be washed clean in a blood bath. The treatment of Germany post-war, he insists, must be remedial not punitive. But reluctantly after a detailed consideration of the problem he is forced to the conclusion that only partition of Germany into three separate States will thwart the schemes of the General Staff. The danger that this "surgical operation" will result in the blood of the martyred country proving the seed of a new war is surveyed, but dismissed on the plea that a healthy world trade will heal the wounds. Butter is to prove an acceptable substitute for guns.

What distinguishes this book from the mountain of treatises produced by the crystal-gazing set is that it puts forward a definite plan, and one which demands action now, even before the war is ended. Mr. Welles's plea for the immediate establishment of the United Nations Council is illuminated by burning passion as well as faultless logic. By insistence on the priority both in time and in power of the World Council, the regional systems are placed in their proper perspective as its sub-committees. They are the creatures of the World Council, not, like Mr. Lippmann's "orbits," its possible, reluctant creators. Nevertheless, even in this modified regionalism there still lurks one danger that seems consistently to be overlooked by American writers. Great Britain is so frequently regarded as the Atlantic bastion of America, or the head of a great oceanic empire, that it is forgotten that we are primarily a European Power. If Russia builds a regional system in Eastern Europe, and if (as seems increasingly probable) the maritime nations of Western Europe draw closer to the Anglo-French bloc, Europe is in imminent danger of being split in two. If Europe is divided the world will be divided, peace will be divided and war will follow. The unity of Europe is not a traditional American interest; it is now the first and most vital interest of Britain, and it can only be achieved by cultivating the closest relations with Russia.

W. D. C.

NEW NOVELS

Bombardier. By STEPHEN GILBERT. *Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Black Venus. By RHYS DAVIES. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Trojan Brothers. By PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON. *Michael Joseph.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

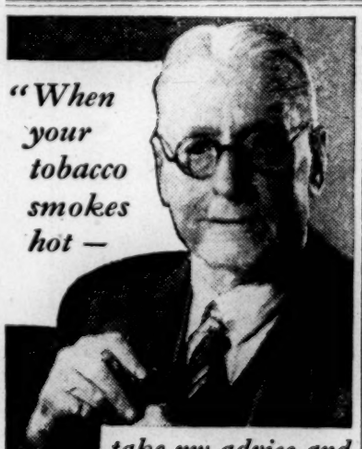
Taken in succession these novels sharply raise a perennial question—how literal should the novelist be? How closely may experience be translated into art? What, in fiction, is the place of fact? The young Irish author of *Bombardier*, a calm and expert study of life in the Searchlights during the winter of the phoney war, would seem to have relied exclusively upon personal experience for the material of his book. It is described upon the dust-jacket as following "the best tradition of Irish realistic fiction." Coolly realistic it is indeed, and in a restrained way it is Irish, too. But is it fiction? There really should be some name for this branch of contemporary writing—some such phrase as "novel of record" seems too clumsy. Not that *Bombardier* is the usual piece of clap-trap journalism, all dive-bombers and latrines and bully-beef fat, which passes for a war novel to-day. It is far too distinguished a bit of writing for that, and in any case it forms an edifying contrast to such a work of the imagination as *The Trojan Brothers*. For Miss Hansford Johnson is at the other end of the line to Mr. Gilbert; I should like to swivel the metaphor and say she is also way down at the bottom of the queue. Her book, a clown's tragedy, the emotional life of the man who plays the back legs of a comic horse in a successful music-hall turn, can only be the product of imagination (or, at least, of strictly vicarious experience?) It strains the reader's credulity and patience well beyond breaking-point and perhaps bears about as much relation to theatrical life as Alma Tadema's compositions bore to the life of Ancient Rome. Between these two extremes one may place *The Black Venus*, a beguiling novel about an obsolescent marriage custom in a Welsh village. Mr. Rhys Davies is evidently deeply familiar with the rural life and characters of his own people. This familiarity gives freedom and conviction to his comedy of country manners.

> He heard a slow, tired gust of wind coming through the trees from the west. There was a white chateau down there beyond the wood. The wind came on across the flat fields. He felt it had come a long, long way and was going a long way. . . . He imagined it travelling on and on, across the flat, weary plains of France.

Bombardier has the paramount virtue of being singularly well written—written plainly and truly and with no taint of ostentation or vulgarity. It describes the life in France in the first war winter of Bombardier Peter Rendell, a public-school boy in an Irish territorial searchlight battery. The atmosphere of the early part of the book is that of late cold mornings in mist-laden French fields, of melting snow on farmhouse eaves, of village streets at dusk—but do not think from this that *Bombardier* is a child of that Celtic twilight against which Mr. Connolly utters so stern a warning in *Enemies of Promise*. It is not.

A central theme is Rendell's anxiety to acquire his second stripe and with it a measure of responsibility. This anxiety, which could have seemed sordid or could have seemed dull, is treated with sense and dignity. The thirst for promotion is not one of the most appetising features of Army life, though it seems more acceptable among N.C.O.s than amongst their superior officers. But so neat is Mr. Gilbert's characterisation, so charming, dutiful and moody does he make his bombardier, that no one will hesitate to take Rendell's motives at their face value. Many of Rendell's companions, mostly "old soldiers," are dishonest and dislikeable; we are spared the assurance that they are good fellows at heart. Equally undeserving of sympathy are certain of his young officers—callow, hesitant creatures who try to bluff their way out of their ignorance of military procedure and who conduct the retreat to Dunkirk with flaccid indifference. When he comes to the real stuff, the persistent Dunkirk bombardment, the falling houses and gunned beaches, the author keeps his head most commendably. The structure of his prose does not quiver or crumble under the cascade of high explosive, and his chronicle continues steadily until the Sussex shore is reached. Being a meticulous war chronicle, however, *Bombardier* is not a work of sustained interest. Few things make more tedious reading than accounts of destruction, and the end of the book is distinctly monotonous. Mr. Gilbert's first novel was a "wonder-story" about an Irish coast village. I should like to think that, having given necessary expression to his war experience, he will now return (with his frank and uncorrupted Irish style) to the sparsely peopled fields of modern imaginative literature. There is room for realism in the wonder-world.

If life in Mr. Rhys Davies's village of Ayron is not precisely wonderful it is, at any rate, a source of keen interest and amusement to the reader.



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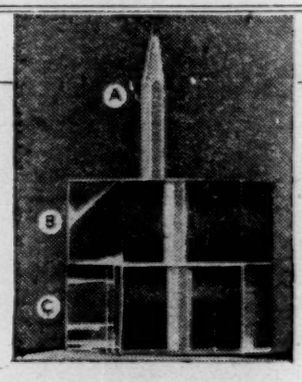

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Mr. Davies handles his loquacious villagers with great ease, and his heroine (in her own peculiar way a missionary) is sturdy and graceful. Ayron, it appears, is one of those backward places where the old Celtic custom of *caru yn y gwely*, or "courting in bed," lingers on. This practical custom by which two young persons contemplating marriage keep assignations in the girl's bedroom rather than out in the rain-swept fields, is thought indecent by the go-ahead new parson, and even the people of Ayron are a little restive at the misuse of *caru yn y gwely* by the local heiress, a rich farmer's daughter who experiments with lover after lover in an unprecedented way. Tried in the chapel vestry on a charge of "strumpetry," she is acquitted, explaining that her only purpose is to improve the young dolts of Ayron. Her missionary career is marred, however, when she falls in love, for her fancy alights upon a poet, a wild, unkempt youth of the woods, who brings a ferret into her clean bedroom and leaves her to bear his child. Mr. Davies excels at recreating the indignations and prejudices of a small rural community such as this, the villagers' respect for class and wealth, their superstition and their gullibility. His dialogue, too, that mellifluous metaphorical speech of the Welsh people, is very vigorous. The satisfaction of the people of Ayron with their village and countryside is disarming. It seems also utterly justified!

In *The Trojan Brothers*, a pretentious novel about music-hall personalities, the brutal heroine is in the end brutally murdered. Impeccably emancipated, unexceptionally stark, dealing with a pated, unexceptionally stark, dealing with a morbid *crime passionel*, and equipped with all the stock characters of modern life (including a brace of amiable homosexuals), this novel is nothing but the luscious Edwardian novelette in a new and hideously protracted form. What makes the best-sellers of forty years ago seem unreadable to-day is not their euphemisms nor their reticences. It is their real bad writing. And judged by this standard such a novel as *The Trojan Brothers*, for all its showy psychology and frankness, is intolerable. "The white pearls blossomed against her dark skin" . . . "through the single veiling her flesh shone beautiful as silver" . . . "Sid peered into her face, observed without remarking the rims of moisture reflecting the oriental colours of her eyes"—sentences, all of them, which would have made Marie Corelli blench! Must the public, in the rocket-season, endure such onslaughts upon sense and sensibility combined?

JAMES POPE-HENNESSY

WHERE YOUR TREASURE IS

Death Pays a Dividend. By FENNER BROCKWAY and FREDERIC MULLALLY. *Gollancz.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

A new book on the arms trade is timely, since we shall soon be facing the partial demobilisation of war industry. However resolute the Powers may be to maintain large forces, they cannot keep them on the wartime scale. We shall have to decide how much munitions we mean to go on making and who is to make them. The private firms will try to cash in on their war services and to keep profits much larger than in 1919-39 in their own hands. In fact, their "war services" were inevitable, because private manufacture was the pre-war system, and a new one could not be improvised in the middle of hostilities. The result was nominal Government control, with representatives of the big firms planted in the ministries of supply; inevitably the supply ministries became offices of the arms trade. The patriotism of arms firms is neither here nor there; the question is whether the system is efficient, economical and practically sound.

It is a pity that this book is written in too emotional and italicised a style; for it will appeal to the converted rather than to the heathen; and the heathen ought to read it. The authors have no difficulty in proving that the private trade is harmful. They use the classic sources, the American Nye Enquiry and the British Royal Commission, as well as a good deal of later material. The best detail is from the Nye Commission, for it impounded the books of the firms and unearthed some marvellous examples. Vickers and the United States Electric Boat zoning their markets and touting for orders in South America, where both firms shared the profits from each side to the conflicts. Cartel arrangements between Dupont de Nemours, I.C.I. and the German I. G. Farbenindustrie; these last caused the United States Government to arraign Dupont and I.C.I. for breach of the trust law last January. Not that Lord MacGowan cared. War scares to whip up custom. The authors found much more in this inquest than in our Royal Commission. Yet that was an entertaining spectacle, in its quiet way. I recall the glassy surface of controlled dismay on the faces of the array of Vickers' experts as Sir Herbert Lawrence gave the company away in hunks. He only lasted one session, however; in the afternoon he was replaced by Sir Charles Craven, hard as nails, bold as brass, more than a match for the Commission.

The most striking accusation against the arms makers is the way in which they supply the enemies of their country. Of all the materials of war imported by Japan—a very large proportion, for she is poor in metals—85 per cent. came from Britain, France, the Netherlands and the United States. British and American firms sold her warplanes, both for direct use and to serve as models. The *Repulse* and the *Prince of Wales*, and the main American fleet, were sunk by British and American firms as surely as if they had fired the bombs and torpedoes themselves. It was a British steel magnate, Sir Arthur Balfour, who said in 1933:

> One of the greatest menaces to peace in Europe to-day is the totally unarmed condition of Germany.

It was American firms who transshipped tommy-guns in the Scheldt to Dutch boats which would not be examined, and which carried the weapons with which the Nazis shot their way to power. The argument of the arms traders is that sale to the enemy keeps their factories going in readiness to arm their own people. It would be far safer for their governments to buy their guns and to sink them in the sea.

On expense the book quotes British figures for naval construction between 1936 and 1939. Four cases of less than 10 per cent. profit; five of 10-20 per cent.; nine of 20-30 per cent.; seven of 30-40 per cent.; one over 50 per cent.; one over 60 per cent.; two over 70 per cent.; one over 80 per cent. An official report. In 1943 over 38 per cent. of 1,300 firms working on war contracts made profits over 30 per cent. As to efficiency, there is an extraordinary tale of deliberately faulty material supplied to the United States armies by firms like Curtiss-Wright and Carnegie Illinois Steel Corporation, as well as some splendid sabotage of a new shipbuilding yard by an Admiral, in order to oblige the older concerns.

The authors make an unanswerable case for nationalisation of the arms trade. They have no solution for the problem of man's horrible ingenuity, for, as they say, inventions like the Lewis gun and the jet-propulsion plane have been made in Government service. And they are wrong in arguing that Socialism in itself is a cure for war. Though many wars have been caused by competition for profits, men have fought for other reasons, and as long as sovereign states exist a Socialist State, like Russia, will continue to remain highly armed. All the same, nationalisation, plus real international control of the arms trade, is essential.

FREDA WHITE

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BOOKS bought for cash in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets required. Best prices paid for review copies. L. Simmonds, 184 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. Phone: HOL. 5440.

Personal

WORCESTER Royal Infirmary—Bicentenary, 1945. Would welc. loan of letters, documents, photographs, Anniversary Sermons, Annual Reports prior to 1832, etc., relating to the Royal Infirmary, and any inform. concerning those who worked therein, for compilation of a History, and arranging an Exhib.

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OUR fighting men in times of adversity, after Service, may count on the help of the British Legion. A legacy to Haig's Fund, Cardigan House, Richmond, Surrey, will benefit *all* ranks of *all* Services; their families, too.

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Personal—continued

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Readers' Market

FOR Sale: Old fine silk Paisley shawl, double bedspread size; Portable Typewriter, £10; Western (dark) musquash fur coat, £70; Woman's pre-war Raleigh bicycle, little used, best offer over £8; Ice skates, boots, fives. Lillywhite's, practically unworn, offer over 6 *gns.*; Carter's Hand-propelled Invalid Tricycle; Books: French, Spanish, German, literary criticism, mountaineering, rock-climbing, speleology, Shaw's works, Austen, Bronte, etc. Guide books, list available.

WANTED: £17 microscope (for Student); Cosy Stove, or similar make; Frame rucksack; Architectural Review—April, 1944 (new 2nd-hand copy); Trollope's "Framley Parsonage" (new 2nd-hand); Emlyn Williams' "Night Must Fall"; Yutang's "Moment in Pekin," Ennion's "Adventurer's Fen"; "Lady Precious Stream" (for Amateur Dramatic Society); Edward Glover, any books.

Send no money or goods in reply to these advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10 Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charge under this heading, 1s. 6d. first word, 9d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

Week-end Competition

No. 772

Set by V. S. Pritchett.

The usual prizes are offered for a sonnet in which the poet sustains a comparison of his lady with a machine.

RESULT OF COMPETITION

No. 769

Set by Fred Oyster

The usual prizes are offered for philosophical limericks. The philosophies expounded may range anywhere from Plato to Mrs. Eddy, and there is no ban on fooling, though competitors are asked to remember the admirably succinct young man of Siam who proclaimed that he was not a bus but a tram.

Report by Fred Oyster

I print as many as there is room for; prizewinners marked with an asterisk.

A DISCIPLE OF MRS. EDDY

There was an old chap who said, "Well,
I *think* my gout's giving me hell,
But until one can find
Which is matter, which mind,
How the hell is a fellow to tell?"

W. STEWART

The exceptional man of this rhyme
Thought all war and work was a crime,
So he gave in his gun
And lay down in the sun
And swore to kill nothing but Time.

"IDLE PACIFIST"

PYTHAGORAS

A learned Professor of Brum
Kept a rat as his favourite chum
He swore, by its look
As it read his new book,
'Twas Sir Oliver Lodge, only dumb.

FELIX

GENESIS OF CARTESIAN FALLACY

A very remarkable cove
Once shut himself up with a stove
And doubted and doubted
And quite insideouted
Himself and the room and the stove.

INCULPABLE FOLLY

Religion's most utter variety
Was enjoyed to the point of satiety
By the late William James
And nobody blames
In a pragmatist such impropriety.

DEATHBED REPENTANCE?

As a tall stalwart Marxist lay dying
To his friends who around him were sighing
He offered this very
Remarkable query:
Do you think it possible the celebrated
remark of Comrade Engels about the
tedious notion of personal immortality
needs *qualifying?*

J. M. CAMERON*

A detached neo-Brahmin named Heard
Said, "This wastage on Pain is absurd,
And Sex is a snare
And Time isn't there,
But Passive Alertness—My Word!"

C. F. RATHBONE

ANNOYING ACCIDENT TO BISHOP

All Matter, of whatever kind,
Said Berkeley, in Mind is confined,
Then grew mad as a hatter
When he found some small matter
Had completely slipped out of his mind.

LITTLE BILLEE

The famous philosopher Kant
Said, "Why, when I run, do I pant?
I feel t'would be treason
To the Critique of Pure Reason
To think I'm unfit, so I shan't."

I was brought up on old Aristotle
And won't change a jit or a tottle,
And that's saying a lot
Not a jit or a tot,
I *won't* alter, no, no, I'll nottle.

C. S. COOK

COSMOLOGY

Though Sir James (God's-a-formula) leans
To the view that the stars are machines,
He admits that behind
The machine is a mind,
Or a minder apparelled in Jeans?

TAO

Said an erudite sinilogue, "How
Shall I try to describe to you Tao?
It is stop, it is go;
It is yes, it is no;
Yet it's neither—you understand now?

IDEALISM *v.* REALISM

Said a learned young lover, "Pray, miss,
Of your goodness afford me a kiss.
For in truth my ideal
In your beauty is real:
Who would not be platonic like this?"

But answered a sage named Conolly
To say I'm predestined is folly
Though propelled from Above
Right or left can I move
In fact I'm no tram but a trolley.

R. J. P. HEWISON*

EINSTEIN'S WINGED CHARIOT

An earnest young thinker named Syme
In the Brains Trust was speaking of time.
As he neared his conclusion
That time's an illusion
Big Ben cut him off with its chime.

T. J. HUNT

The tip-top Pythagoreans
Had no use for the low-brow pleteians;
They learned music and maths.
Took plenty of baths,
And disputed with Epicureans.

W. NORMAN DIXON

ROUSSEAU

A hopeful old fellow called Rousseau
Saw that man wasn't born bad, but grew so.
If you change his surrounding
You'll find grace abounding—
You just turn the clock back to do so.

JOHN FAY*

The cryptic philosopher Kant
Announced: "I most certainly shan't
In my *Prolegomena*
Allow that phenomena
Are anything but what they aren't."

I suppose I could try if I chose,
But the question is: "Can I suppose
I could *choose* what I chose if
I chose? I suppose if
I chose to. But nobody knows."

E. F. C.*

MARIE STOPES' BIRTH CONTROL

The people the Churches love best
Breed children, like rabbits, with zest.
They serve every passion,
In orthodox fashion,
The State gets the bill to digest.

PATRICK BRAYBROOKE

FUNDAMENTALISM

Said a medical student, unmanned;
"Hellfire can't be properly planned:
For all time to be doomed,
To burn on unconsumed
Is what no constitution can stand."

ALLAN M. LAING

"THE IMPORTANCE OF LIVING"

Said the Chinese philosopher Lin,
"To trouble to work is a sin.
In bed I shall stay
And the toil of the day
Will be finished before I begin."

LEN

We could contemplate ever the Forms,
Plato thought, when we'd weathered the storms;
But his theories must wait:
In the new total state
We fill forms not fulfilling the Forms.

Blavatsky once visited Berwick
And devoured there a very small cleric,
Who annoyed her by twitting
The shape of her knitting;
So the cleric became esoteric.

There was a young man of Newcastle
Who thought of himself as a parcel
Which he'd tied with red tape
And addressed, for a jape,
To "What Hope? c/o Kafka, The Castle."

Though Nietzsche was clearly insane
I read him again and again,
And equating his Hero
With absolute zero
Plus Hitler, the meaning's quite plain!

TERENCE MELICAN*

Cook-Wilson, as I have been told
Walk'd round the quadrangle of old,
Prodding deep now and then
Τὸ μὴ ὄν with his pen;
Or so I have always been told.

T. E. CARSON

A FOLLOWER OF PYTHAGORAS

I think it unwise to look stony
When meeting a cow or a pony;
It's at present, of course,
Just cow or small horse
But it *may* have been Bernhardt or Boney.

REDLING

A cynical sage with a kink
Said, between thought and deed there's a link.
When I think what I thought
I don't do as I ought
So it's best to do nought and not think.

HASSALL PITMAN

Said a pupil of Einstein "It's rotten
To find I'd completely fogotten
That by living so fast
All my future's my past
And I'm buried before I'm begotten.

D. C

TIME

A stealer of watches from Fushun,
When charged, pleaded "Time's an illusion."
Said the Judge, "Very well,
Just imagine a spell
Of six months in corrective seclusion."

C. F. BEST

I deny that you know that I think;
You can only intuit a link
From the data you sense
To my ego immense,
And that's why I make such a stink.

A. R. W.

Said a virile young fellow at Oriel
(Who in love became quite dictatorial):
"An affaire after Plato
Is so out-of-date-o
That we kiss by the Martyrs' Memorial."

MOO

There was a young man of Mill Hill
Who believed he could never be ill.
He believed this, what's more,
Until 1904
When he sickened and died of a chill.

L. DE S.

Blimp remarked, after deep meditation,
"All that rot in the 'Statesman & Nation'
Is, Gad, Sir, because
The Editor was
An ass before reincarnation."

E. W. FORDHAM

As soon as it came into vogue, a
Dear cousin of mine took to Yoga;
But her friends thought this topic
Too omphaloscopic,
So she practised it draped in a toga.

P. G.

Said the Marxist who stood on the pier:
"Though you may think my views rather queer
I could gambol all day
With the sharks in the bay,
It's the ones in striped pants that I fear."

W. H. G. PRICE

A lad to his lass remarked: "Freud
Says Sex should be used and enjeud.
Repressed in the Id
It'll blow off the lid—
Let's see *ours* is fully emp'eud."

I. C. SAUL

The Emperor *Marcus Aurelius*
Said that when we feel pain it's not really us;
Yet I rather suppose
That a smack on the nose
He'd have thought was a bit contumelious.

YORICK

When McPherson, the late Aimée Semple,
Encountering Archbishop Temple,
Crosses Styx side by side,
What debates are implied!
Quel doux tête-à-tête, par exemple!

R. S. JAFFRAY

A toper who spies, in the distance,
Striped dragons, will get some assistance
From reading Descartes,
Who holds that it's part
Of his duty to doubt their existence.

But if he's a student of Berkeley,
One thing will emerge rather starkly;
That he ought to believe
What his senses perceive
No matter how dimly or darkly.

LESLIE JOHNSON

There was an old Greek who said
"Panta Rei,"
But, when I have drained my decanter, I
Have doubts if the crux
Of the matter *is* flux—
(Or have I been reading my Kant awry?)

There was a young Greek who said:
"Save
Me, I beg, from that horrible Cave!
It isn't the Ideas,
But the earwigs and spideas——"
No one laughed: even Plato looked grave.

There was once a Subjective Idealist
Who was fired with ambition to be a Liszt.
But the critics, unkind,
Said "the man has no mind,"
And now the poor fellow's a Realist.

L. E. J.*

There was an old lad called Dupree
Who couldn't count higher than three,
He said "Damn and God wot
It is plain *I* am not
Because si je pense donc je suis."

R. I.

How Socratic is Somerset Maugham!
What is virtue to him but a norm?
So the best propaedeutic
Is a process maieutic,
And all evil is merely bad form.

R. B. S. INSTONE